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APRIL 6, 1965

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

WILL THE REDS BEAT US IN VIETNAM WITH A PEACE OFFENSIVE IN THE U.S.?

HERBERT ROMERSTEIN

Also In This Issue:

BUCKLEY ON DEBATING WITH JAMES BALDWIN AT THE CAMBRIDGE UNION ♦ BERKMAN ON 'ROBERT McNAMARA, CRIME SYNDICATE HEAD' ♦ AND GUY DAVENPORT ON THE PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY

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In This Issue . . .

➔ Mr. **Herbert Romerstein** describes some of the efforts of the Communist Party to enlist American support for its *objet du jour*: to get the Americans out of South Vietnam. Mr. Romerstein closely surveys the press of the movement of which he was once a member, knows from firsthand experience how to read it, and how to understand some of its Aesopian formulations. And he looks sorrowfully at the fellow travelers and dupes in America, some of whose experience in following the party line is older even than his own experience inside the party. . . . **"Thomas Mitchell"** is a close student of Latin American history and politics and advises us to leaven our enthusiasm for the government of Chile. . . . **Dave Berkman** is a professor at a state college who affronted his freshman class by giving it a public affairs questionnaire. You will want to frame the results. Even if you will weep for the fate of public education.

➔ Professor **Guy Davenport**, our triple-threat fiction reviewer (see below) traveled to Chicago to participate in and report on one of the most hopeful meetings that has taken place in a decade. It was a gathering of the conservative thoughtful, professors mostly, who spent three sessions examining their consciences, their credenda, and their skills; and decided to form a society —The Philadelphia Society— which will encourage the illumination of true philosophy, and a general understanding of the place of freedom in the modern community.

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** reports on a debate he had with the Negro novelist James Baldwin at the Cambridge Union in England recently, on whether the American dream has been at the expense of the American Negro. WFB lost the vote, but does a fine job *en esprit d'escalier*. . . . **James Burnham** runs the Sino-Soviet split through the dialectical machine and shows how it comes out as a unity of opposites wholly conducive to making effective warfare against the imperialist world. . . . **Russell Kirk** rages against the apathy being shown toward "the visual literature" of our past, as more and more buildings, and even whole towns, are defaced—for the sake of progress, it is usually said; for the sake of profiteers, Mr. Kirk insists. If the central government alone can stay these executioners from their devastations, then let the government, says the anti-statist Kirk, go ahead and act.

➔ **Robert E. Bauman**, who is president of the Young Americans for Freedom, an attorney, and an employee of the Republican minority in Congress, reviews Mr. William S. White's book on the House of Representatives, critically. . . . **Guy Davenport** does a splendid job on three novels, with an opening passage on German humor that is very probably definitive ("One has a paralyzing suspicion that Goethe meant, from time to time, to be funny. . ."). . . . Sir **Shane Leslie** writes a moving essay on Winston Churchill, whom he knew for over eighty years; whose mother was his own mother's sister. . . . And **Richard M. Hodgens**, who reviews also for *Film Quarterly*, catches us up on a number of recent movies. . . . Don't miss **von Dreele** on Tiny Albee. ➔

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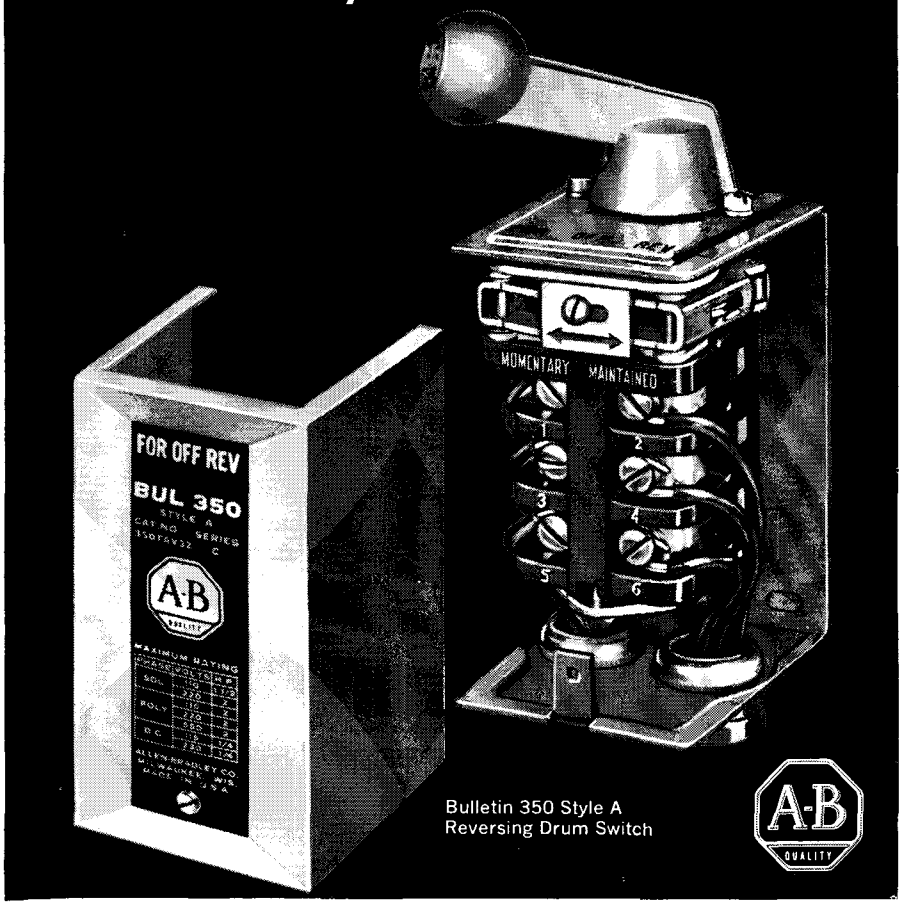

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TO THE EDITOR

Overstreets Underscored

Re: The book review, "The Public Enemy," by M. Stanton Evans [Jan. 26]. In the foreword to *The Strange Tactics of Extremism,* the Overstreets state:

"Because we have in our three books on Communism dealt at length with the tactics of Marxism-Leninism our major stress here is upon those of the Radical Right."

As the reviewer ignored the significance of this sentence, he also refused to admit to the use of half-truths, undue pressure, and totalitarian organization by elements of the Radical Right. Surely we must not be led to believe that the end justifies all manner of means, or that disagreement with our view of politics equals treason.

New York, N.Y. BRUCE C. BROWN

A Reply

Mr. Brown is incorrect in saying I do not notice the Overstreets' assertions about Communism. The point of my review, in fact, was precisely that the Overstreets *equate* "right-wing ex-

(Continued on p. 298)

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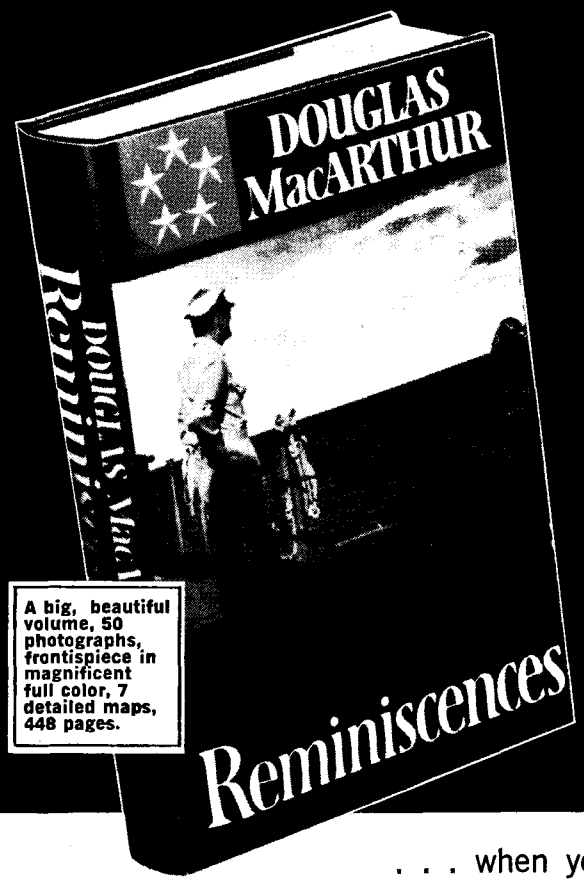

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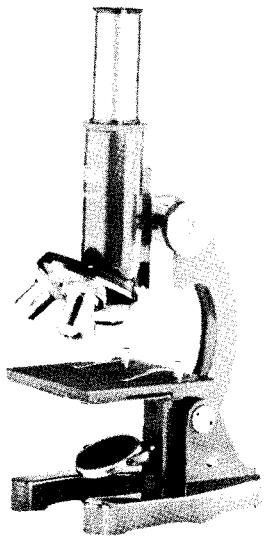

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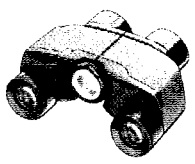

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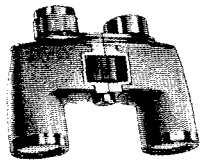

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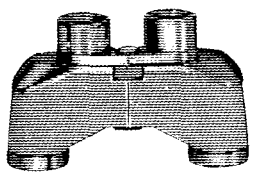

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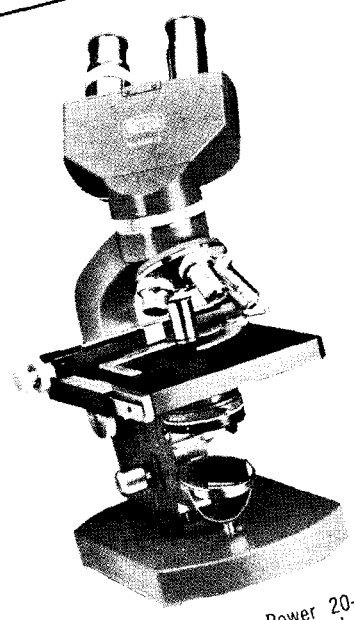

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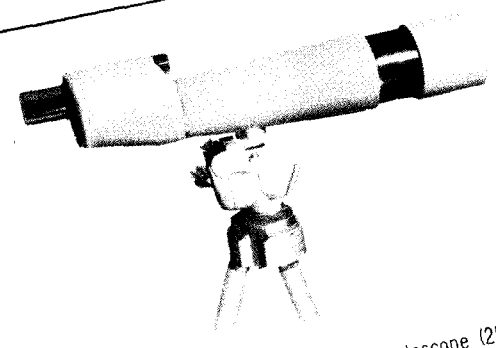

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The WEEK

● Robert Kennedy and Mount Jack Kennedy are going to have a summit conference, and not even the Royal Kennedyan Mounted Police can tell for sure which one is the mountain and which Mahomet.

● Defeatism, drift—that's what Goldwater said was wrong with our policies in the world struggle. And (last year) such comments were made out to be indistinguishable from dropping bombs on daisy-pickers. Our alliances are weak and getting weaker, said Goldwater last year, and he was countered by a candidate who proclaimed that we are loved around the world. So Mr. James Reston, who did nothing in 1964 to defend Mr. Goldwater from the abuse, now writes in his syndicated column that our policies of drift are leading us towards defeat, and that our system of alliances has failed. Reston even said the UN is over the hill—extremist type.

● "Washington, Mar. 22. Senator Jacob K. Javits has told close political associates that he will not support Governor Rockefeller for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1968." Read it: Javits has informed the *New York Times* that he wants out. Javits feels Rockefeller's fortunes both nationally and state-wide are at such an ebb that he is willing to pick a public fight with Rocky. Javits estimates that this present anti-Rockefeller stance will help rather than hurt him with the Liberal Republicans who will, he hopes, take back the Republican Party in '68. It's a significant development because Jacob Javits, who is wrong on so many things, has yet to show anything but surgical precision in his reading of the New York political chart.

● The Old House coalition of Southern old-timers and big-city machine politicians, first stuck together by FDR, is weakening under the mounting pressure of the Democratic Study Group. The DSG, as it is known, now numbers about 150 members. They meet in each other's homes, in small groups, for informal seminars, and study academic ideas, sometimes with the guidance of imported professors. Originated by Eugene McCarthy when he was in the House, the DSG now maintains its own staff under the direction of an immensely capable leader, one William Phillips, and issues loose-leaf bulletins to its membership setting out the party-within-a-party line. The big pitch this session will be to wipe out Section 14B of the Taft-Hartley Law. (Conveniently, the repealing legislation will be referred to DSG Chairman Frank Thompson's Subcommittee on Labor.) The floor battle figures to be the DSG's first head-on power struggle with the House Establishment. And the DSG is favored to win if LBJ maintains the hands-off position he proclaimed in his State of the Union address.

● Democratic Representative John C. Lanham of the Hawaii legislature has introduced an omnibus sort of bill to get rid of obsolete laws. House Bill 710 would do away, for instance, with a law forbidding animals to ride on running boards; with a bill that says cattle must not roam the streets of Honolulu; that persons who wear badges proclaiming themselves members of the Grand Army of the Republic (and who are not) be fined—and a score or more others. Inserted somewhere between clause one and clause 26 is a clause that would do away with the State Commission on Subversive Activities which is, says Rep. Lanham, obsolete because "these matters have been pre-empted by federal law." The drive to get rid of the effective Commission on Subversive Activities has been on ever since John Burns was elected governor. Its activities have been severely crippled by a major slash in its appropriations. IMUA, the hard-nose anti-Communist research organization which has cooperated with the Commission in keeping tabs on the doings of Communists and fellow travelers in Hawaii in recent years, is mounting a campaign to save the Commission.

● Twelve of the thirteen REA cooperatives in Louisiana banded together to form the Louisiana Electric Cooperative, Inc., applied to REA in Washington for a $56 million loan (at the REA Treasury-subsidized cut rate of 2 per cent), and got it. The purpose of the loan, approved last fall, was to build a 200,000-kilowatt steam generating plant and 1,800 miles of transmission lines to *duplicate* such facilities (of investor-owned utility companies) now furnishing juice to the co-ops. The four investor-owned utilities have gone to court to resist this outrageous abuse of federal power. It does seem unfair that they have to support, by their tax payments, a government operation that wants to run them out of business. They should win hands down, and REA should be required to pay the companies' legal expenses.

● The International Coffee Agreement has passed the Senate by 56 to 23 and may yet become law. It establishes a 60-nation cartel principally for the benefit of Brazil and principally at the expense of the United States. The U.S. housewife has been paying 15¢ more per pound of coffee since the agreement went "provisionally" into effect. Even though the U.S. buys half of all coffee sold, the cartel would give the U.S. only one-fifth of the voting power. Im-

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ As previously reported in this column, the Kennedy machine, inoperative for several months after the death of the late President, is once again running smoothly, and with awesome power. The old PT boat tie-clips with the "Kennedy—'60" inscription are popping out again all over the agencies and executive departments, especially at Justice where Attorney General Katzenbach, finally secure in his job, nurtures the Kennedy legend. But what is more significant: a Kennedy apparatus of real political potential is emerging on Capitol Hill. Its members are, almost without exception, young, unabashedly ambitious, and loyal to the memory of John F. Kennedy. In the Senate, in addition to the brothers Kennedy, are Sens. Joe Tydings of Maryland and Birch Bayh of Indiana; they are handsome, thirtyish, and possessed of two of the nation's safest seats. Tydings, son of the late Sen. Millard Tydings who, in turn, was a friend of Joe Kennedy's, has been trading political favors with the Kennedy clan since he whooped it up for Jack for Vice President in 1956. Bayh, already tabbed as a comer by the Senate Establishment, has been fast friends with Teddy Kennedy since the two of them came to Washington in 1962. (Bayh escaped unharmed from the plane crash which so seriously injured Teddy's back.) Across the Capitol in the House, the Kennedy hard core includes hotshot freshmen John Culver of Iowa (Teddy's closest friend in Harvard undergraduate days), John Tunney of California (Teddy's law school roommate and godfather to his children), William Anderson of Tennessee (Jack's favorite *Nautilus* skipper) and Brock Adams (Bobby's U.S. Attorney for Washington State). And older hands Torbert Macdonald of Massachusetts (Jack's Harvard roommate) and wily Teno Roncalio (Jack's man in Wyoming). Put Sens. George Smathers, Scoop Jackson and Abraham Ribicoff on the periphery. Throw in about five dozen young lawyers from the faceless buildings downtown, and you get an idea why LBJ thinks he can do without Pierre Salinger, Larry O'Brien and John Glenn in the Senate.

◆ One of the favorite pastimes of the press corps is scanning convention schedules for clues to the political pecking order. One of the most illuminating of recent speaker schedules was announced by the Americans for Democratic Action on March 17. For their national convention, to be held here the first week in April, the ADA lists: Arthur Schlesinger Jr. as keynoter, which is no surprise; Hans Morgenthau on foreign policy, which boosts his stock slightly; Bayard Rustin on civil rights, which authenticates his leadership of the Hawk wing of the Negro movement; Steelworkers Union executive I. W. Abel, which indicates ADA's belief that he beat out David MacDonald in the still contested Steelworkers' election; chief politico, Sen. George McGovern (D., S.D.), who is fast endearing himself to professional Liberals as the ideological heir to Hubert Humphrey.

◆ Americans for Constitutional Action has announced the election of several high-powered trustees: former Congressmen Ed Foreman, August Johannsen, John Pillion, Gordon Scherer, Henry Schadeberg, James Davis, *NR* associate Ralph de Toledano, actor Walter Brennan, professors Anthony Bouscaren and Clarence Carson, and Major General Thomas Lane USA (Ret.).

◆ It may not be too early to pronounce the poverty program a billion-dollar bust. Sargent Shriver, after his Superman press clippings at the Peace Corps, has turned out to be distressingly human. His Office of Economic Opportunity (even though they have gone swish you can still catch an occasional "Hello, Poverty" on the telephone) has mushroomed into a bureaucracy overnight. It is infected with politics: "If you know somebody, you're poor," said one fifth columnist. From the first allocations, West Virginia, which has gotten the biggest poverty build-up, received $428,811; Texas got $9,776,483 ("You've heard those stories about how stinking poor those Texans are"); Minnesota got $1,449,407 and forgot about Churchill's funeral. And the big job of Deputy Director, which had caused such a ruckus when it was ticketed for Pentagon Whiz Kid Adam Yarmolinsky, went quietly to the AFL-CIO's man about town, Jack Conway, former assistant to Walter Reuther. The job corps is not talked about.

CATO

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port limitations, price-fixing agreements, and severe treatment for those who buy coffee from non-member nations—such are the classically monopolistic features of the proposed Agreement.

● The Communist Party has been indicted a second time for failure to register under the Internal Security Act of 1950. The Justice Department, however, stands little chance of getting anywhere as long as the laws are so weird that they require, for instance, the government to produce a good Communist who is willing to incriminate himself and his Party. In contradistinction, dozens of countries around the world have out-and-out legislation proscribing the Communist Party (with varying degrees of actual success): Algeria, Argentina, Brazil, Burma, Republic of China, Costa Rica, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, West Germany, Greece, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Hong Kong, Iran, Iraq, Ivory Coast, South Korea, Lebanon, Malaysia, Morocco, Nicaragua, Pakistan, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Philippines, Portugal, South Africa, Spain, Syria, Thailand, Tunisia, Turkey, UAR, South Vietnam. Four others have outlawed all political parties (Jordan, Sudan, Nepal, Ethiopia), and Venezuela in 1962 "suspended" the Communist Party. One expert, noting the lack of direct anti-Communist law in the U.S., snorts, "We're going to Hell via due process."

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● In the last half dozen years the strategic island of Ceylon has jogged ever more swiftly to the left. The government of Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike has a) taken over all private schools, b) confiscated large British-owned tea plantations, c) seized American oil installations without compensation, d) repeatedly urged the admission of Red China to the United Nations, e) signed a treaty to permit Communist Chinese vessels unrestricted use of Ceylonese ports (a move fellow-neutralist India took very hard). And Mrs. Bandaranaike was preparing f) to take over and nationalize the press when her government was forced out. Certain of the aggressively anti-Western activities of Ceylon had not gone unnoticed or unpunished. The United States suspended all aid to Ceylon a couple of years ago under the Hickenlooper Amendment that cuts off foreign aid to nations that confiscate U.S. property without compensation. Last September, the World Bank announced it would make no further loans to Ceylon, Indonesia and Egypt on the same grounds. A week ago the people of Ceylon, who had been promised more of the same by Mrs. Bandaranaike if only they would return her to office, gave the pro-Western United National Party of Dudley Senanayake 66 seats to 41 for Mrs. B.'s Freedom Party. Perhaps aid with strings is the answer after all.

● At the very moment when the press was devoting much attention to the modest rebellion of Spanish university students, the real thing was actually happening in Lagos, Nigeria, and went unreported. A new Vice Rector of the University of Lagos having been named from a tribe not that of his predecessor, the students broke into bloody riot along straight tribal lines. Nigerian authorities suspended 500 count 'em 500 African students. And closed the university.

● Vatican City is getting new road signs—in Latin. "Do Not Park" will henceforth be *"Ne Sistas";* "No Right Turn," *"Ne Flectas Dextratorsam"* and "Do Not Pass," *"Ne Praetergrediaris."* Inconsistent? At the Vatican Latin *is* the vernacular.

● *Alexander's Ragtime Band* which, older folk will remember, could "play a bugle call like you never heard before, so natural that you wanna go to war," now plays it "so natural that you wanna hear some more"—that being the rather wan concession decided on by composer Irving Berlin, under protest, as an option for those who find the 1911 line less thinkable in today's world.

● Those interested in learning more about the fascinating William M. McGovern (*NR,* January 12), the late professor of political science at Northwestern University who is already a legend, should write in for *The Optimate,* Vol. 3, No. 3, the spirited publication of the Northwestern Young Conservative Club. (1958 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Illinois,—free.)

● "Many California counties are far more important in the life of the state than their population bears [sic] to the entire population of the state. It is for this reason that I have never been in favor of restricting their representation to the state Senate on a strictly population basis. It is for the same reason that the founding fathers of our country gave balanced representation to the states of the Union, equal representation in one house, and proportionate representation in the other." Earl Warren, Governor of California, 1948.

● "What is a second-generation necrologist?" "Beats me." "Son of obituarist."

Amendment by Civil Disobedience

The Constitution provides (in Article V) two methods for its own amendment: by vote of two-thirds of both Houses of Congress or by a convention called on application of two-thirds of the states, in either case subject to ratification by three-fourths of the several states. The second method has never been used—a sufficient indication that it is ineffectual. By the first method 24 amendments have in fact been duly adopted. During the past eleven years a new method has been introduced into our political system and on a number of occasions successfully applied: by vote of a majority of the justices of the Supreme Court, subject to no further process of ratification.

Last year, such is our constitutional fertility, still another method—the simplest by far of all—was added: passing of a law in ordinary course, by both Houses, with subsequent Presidential signature. On the precedent of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the Congress may henceforth be regarded as a continuing constitutional convention. In short, anything goes.

Certainly it is impossible to find any constitutional basis for the newly proposed Voting Rights Act *other* than the congressional majorities and Presidential signature that will presumptively be given it. No literate (if we may be pardoned the adjective) person can doubt its conflict with the provisions of the written Constitution that used to be taken as controlling in these matters. The written Constitution, without obscurity or equivocation, assigned to the several states the fixing of voters' qualifications, subject only to the condition that "electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature" shall be eligible to vote for members of the House of Representatives. The 15th

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Amendment added the condition that the right to vote shall not be denied on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude. The 24th Amendment barred the poll tax in *federal* elections. That is all.

In using voting totals of November 1964 as an operative standard, the proposed bill contains a brazen ex post facto clause—expressly forbidden under Art. I, Sec. 9. Under the bill, the Federal Government will usurp wholly the power of fixing voter qualifications not only in federal but in state elections. The bill discriminates capriciously among the states—by, for example, permitting some states (so long as more than 50 per cent of their voters turned out on Nov. 3, 1964 or merely if exempted from that requirement by a Dept. of Justice finding) to use and enforce literacy tests, but prohibiting others. It introduces, implicitly, the totalitarian principle of compulsory voting: by that same 50 per cent rule (what if fewer than 50 per cent of the voters in a given state stay away from the polls for some reason utterly unrelated to discrimination—because the results are a foregone conclusion, or merely out of boredom, or for whatever the reason was that kept more than half of the voters of Texas and Alaska, where discrimination is not alleged, away from the ballot box last November?); and by the curious rule that, in a state taken over by federal registrars, a voter is dropped from the registration list if he fails to vote three years running.

The bill's defenders offer the argument that certain Southern states are perverting their literacy tests to exclude Negroes, and thereby violating the 15th Amendment. That is true, but hardly justifies an additional violation of the Constitution to correct it. The answer would surely seem to be a law enabling the Federal Government to compel those states to administer their own voter qualification tests fairly, without discrimination.

The real giveaway is the fact that to get rid of the poll tax, merely in federal elections, as a voting precondition, it was universally accepted only three years ago that a formal amendment to the Constitution was required.

But Constitution aside, does this Voting Rights Bill really make sense? Do we really believe—we Americans especially, with our faith in education as the foundation for all progress toward the good society—do we really believe that the Southern states are going to be better governed if every illiterate, every moron even (for that is the implication of the bill), votes? And even if we conceivably did so believe, are these awkward, complicated, confused, in some cases fantastic provisions the way to proceed?

The truth of the matter is that constitutional issues, legal niceties, and coherent political or moral ideals have little to do with the appearance of this Voting Rights Bill at this time. This Bill is the panicky response to the newly rising campaign of civil disobedience and TV-oriented public displays that has culminated, for the moment, in the Selma affair and the White House sit-in. The Administration is trying to appease the demonstrators, and to quiet them down. If we look beneath the surface, the key contemporary method for amending the Constitution has become, precisely, a civil disobedience campaign staged for TV. It's a method, one might note, that need not at all be forever a monopoly of civil rights movements.

Good or bad, will this Bill "solve the problem"? How absurd to believe so! Did the "historic" Civil Rights Act of 1964 solve much, or even get the demonstrators out of the streets? It simply set the stage for *this* year's civil disobedience. Will all be well on the racial front when, and if, all Negroes are voters? Will we succeed in bringing to the South the tranquility of New York City, Cleveland, Chicago and Philadelphia?

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

The next issue of *National Review* will be a special SPRING BOOK NUMBER

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Sartre and the Cancelation

Like naughty schoolchildren's, American fingers have been rapped by World Conscience. Jean-Paul Sartre, incarnating the latter, has declared that "the politics of violence practiced in Vietnam by the U.S. with the approval of the majority of the American people [*Thank God for that!*—ed.] constitutes for me a major obstacle to my coming to the United States." He was to speak at Cornell and at New York's East Side YMHA.

Americans are used to the ritual of denunciations by the international set of old and young buffoons. They have seen and heard Bertrand Russell and his peace marchers, Parisian worker-priests shouting "Germ-warfare General" at Matthew Ridgway (during the Korean War), and incendiary pseudo-students in Cairo and Jakarta. One and all are set in motion, robot-like, by Moscow-Peking; wound up at the same time, the rioters hastily transcribe the slogans of the day into Arabic, Sinhalese, or English, gather a supply of stones and ink bottles, and march off for target practice to the U.S. Embassy.

This is by now a part of the coexistentialist landscape. A new act has been added by existentialist oracle, Jean-Paul Sartre, the aging bourgeois, stewing in his own metaphysical impasse. Rich and comfortable (like the *salauds* in his novels and plays), more hopelessly middle-class than ever, Sartre is at present unemployed by History. This moral idiot has exhausted the metaphysical contradictions he spun obsessively out of the career of the pederast Jean Genet; nor has he any cause left to betray; and as for the slave regimes he has so loyally served, he may be bored singing their praise. He has seen them all: from Castroland to Red China he was used and prostituted; the Communist impresarios have squeezed out of him the last drop of enthusiastic propaganda for their ghoulish system. They no longer need him (after all, he is only a white man!)—the gullible egghead who loved them the more for being called by solemn Communist orators "a lecherous viper" (a standard Communist epithet for grovelling fellow travelers, to make them cringe).

What remains now for Sartre, entering upon the seventh decade of his life, are little scandals, personal and political, a yearly supply of which keeps his thin blood warm enough to engage in histrionics, assured of the world-wide claque of sycophantic intellectuals. Hence the refusal of the Nobel Prize and of the American lecture tour. His philosophy flowered darkly on the desolation of postwar Europe, like the vermin hungrily smelling the corpses among the ruins. Now, twenty years later, he must content himself with his last role: an elderly non-conformist, dutifully applauded for every turn of the old and broken record. He notes at the end of his recent autobiography: "That old crumbling structure, my imposture, is also my character. I still write. What else can I do?"

So much for the aging charlatan. But what about Prof. Jean-Jacques Demorest, chairman of Cornell's Dept. of Romance Languages, would-be host of the self-confessed impostor? "My point of view was," says the good professor, "that this would be essentially an opportunity for dialogue." The word "dialogue" excuses, of course, everything. But does it excuse Demorest's abject apologies when he says he assured Sartre—that stern Cato of our times—that the U.S. "had changed considerably, progressing particularly in racial relations since Mr. Sartre's last visit here in 1945 and 1946."

Has this country sunk to such a low point that it must display a *certificat de bonne vie et moeurs* before a Sartre condescends to visit its shores? In Communist countries he has so far received only humiliation (Castro laughed at his abstractions)—and he kissed their boots for it. So to Professor Demorest we say: We do not wish to dialogue with this Tartuffe, let alone "purify" ourselves for his visit. In international relations, in peace and war, we are no innocent virgins; but we are still immeasurably superior to this cretin who can teach us only how to become as blind as himself.

THOMAS MOLNAR

Selma and Saigon

It is generally assumed that President Johnson has not finally made up his mind whether to stand firm in Southeast Asia or to retreat. Those who know him are aware that as a highly political man he is much influenced by public manifestations of pleasure or displeasure and that therefore just as soon as the civil rights business quiets down a little bit, maximum pressure must be put on him to adopt a neutralist course in Vietnam. The campaign was well underway a few weeks ago, and the newspapers blossomed with heady declarations of peacemindedness emanating from the colleges and universities where they teach history and foreign relations and practice naiveté.

It is an unguarded secret that the doves in Washington are greatly dismayed with Johnson these days, ever since he undertook to transgress the tabu, and bomb the theretofore privileged sanctuary of North Vietnam. It is even whispered by some that the Pres-

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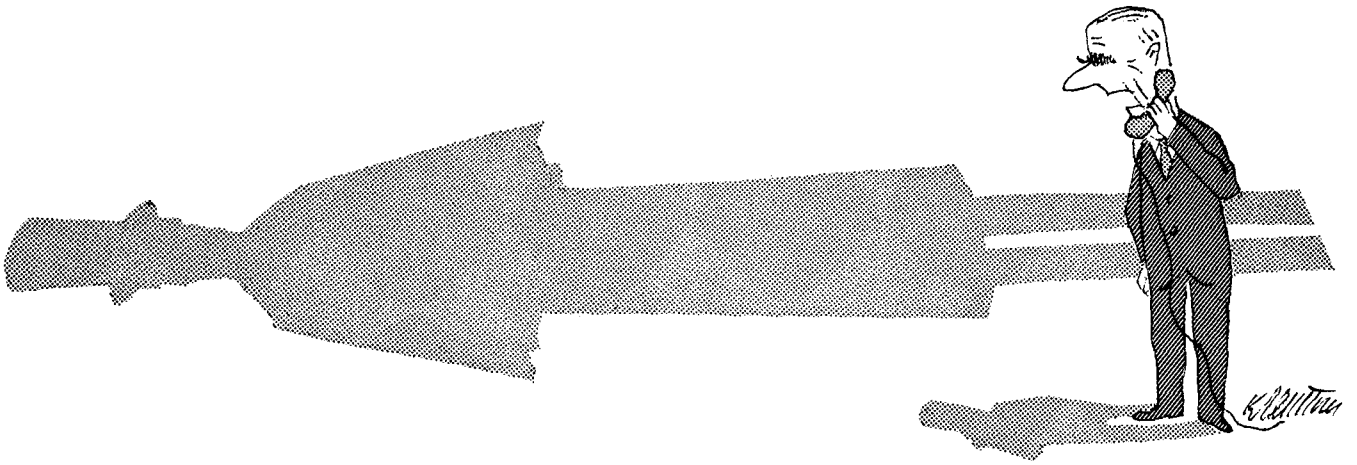

"George Reedy . . . George? How did it go? The speech, you fool! Who said I was confusing Lincoln with Thaddeus Stevens? Everybody? Of course I'm President of all the people! Who do I want to Overcome? Well, bigots, for instance, like you and me before Alabama went Republican. Where did I get what idea? That voting rights are Human rights and have nothing to do with Constitutional rights or States' rights? Well, I read it somewhere and thought I'd use it. Listen, George, there're a lot of good press secretaries around, you know. Okay, what else? Are you sure? You mean they were never given the vote because the 15th Amendment was never legally enacted and that's the source of the whole trouble? That's funny, Luci Baines is usually pretty reliable."

ident might go along with those of the hawks in the Pentagon who are prepared, and even willing, to provoke an open contest with Red China which would give us the opportunity to bomb her nuclear installations. The neutralists complain that the President narcissistically gravitates towards those in his entourage who support his own inclinations, that these days he is listening almost exclusively to McGeorge Bundy, Dean Rusk, and Robert McNamara. These would hardly qualify as hawks of the tougher species —they were all of them around when the Berlin Wall went up, when we flunked the Bay of Pigs, and when we signed the fetishistic Treaty of Moscow suspending nuclear tests: but by current standards, they are the three points on Mars' trident. Although they will not be widely named—it is an unprofitable tactic to criticize by name the closest advisers of the President because that tends to excite his personal loyalty, making the job all the harder—they will be the centers of concern. And the spirit of John Kennedy will be invoked by the doves, who have always been anxious to disapprove of the man who occupies their idol's chair, whose style is so very different from that of their fallen hero, and who, to their considerable vexation, manages to get so very much more done in Congress than ever their man was able to do.

Meanwhile, the sensible wing of American Liberalism should be heard from. Virtually every conservative and Republican endorses Johnson's hardening policy, and need hardly make this fact plainer. But so do the overwhelming majority of the Democrats and Liberals endorse Johnson's recent activities. Why do they not speak up? In their own full page ads in the newspapers? The most impressive shows of support for the President have come, instead, from spunky student groups, *e.g.,* in Princeton and Yale, in counteraction against the epicene neutralism of their teachers. But why not ads from those who, for instance, support Senator Dodd's defense of Johnson's policies? Where are those Liberal businessmen who pilgrimage down to Washington every few months to kiss the emperor's ring: why don't they fork over a few dollars for the purpose of advertising the views of the moderate Liberals in favor of an anti-Communist position in Asia?

The President's prestige is at this moment at an all-time high, we repeat, and he could accomplish anything, while the marching goes on in Alabama. This is the time for him, and for his supporters, to move. How ironic it is that Sheriff Clark might be identified in history as the man responsible for saving Southeast Asia.

South Seas Under

Bobby Kennedy's admirers, following their hero's restless search for new worlds to conquer, have doubtless forgotten his Indonesian voyage February 1962. For it was the then Attorney General who, as his brother's special envoy, did much to ease West New Guinea into Sukarno's pocket. After Mr. Kennedy, and in his footsteps, trotted Ambassador (Italy, India, Argentina) and businessman Ellsworth Bunker, who devised the formula used to gild Sukarno's takeover.

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We Shall (Almost) Overcome

—I—

We're marching today in Selma
Like Sherman advanced to the sea.
Tomorrow, Savannah and Louisiana
Will register all, *sans* fee.
There's gonna be voting in Tampa
Like they do in N.Y.C.,
But when will we ever be pulling the lever
In Washington, D. C.?

—II—

The pressure's applied in the Piedmont;
We're pushing in Tennessee.
In North Carolina (where manners are finah)
We're signing up Cherokee.
There's nothing to stop us in Natchez
With the N double A-C-P,
But when will we ever be pulling that lever
In Washington, D. C.?

W. H. VON DREELE

"The American proposal . . . goes a long way toward meeting Indonesian demands," commented the *New York Times*. "By providing for an Indonesian administrative takeover from the Dutch, it gratifies the basic Indonesian aspiration to attain physical control of the territory." The paragraphs of the Bunker agreement providing additionally for a plebiscite to see what the local inhabitants really wanted were naturally enough disregarded. Having attained "physical control of the territory," Sukarno thought it foolish to waste time over plebiscites before incorporating "Irian Barat" into his spreading empire. "The settlements . . . would have been possible," noted the *Manchester Guardian*, "if the U.S. had not decided . . . against continued support of the Dutch claim that the Papuan inhabitants of West New Guinea must be given a chance of self-determination before the territory could be handed over to Indonesia. . . . Nobody has missed the point that [the plebiscite] is due to come after the transfer of sovereignty [to Indonesia]."

So—why should we be surprised?—the U.S. has been reaping the usual harvest of appeasement. Before the year was out, Sukarno had launched his drive against northern Borneo, later broadening it into the Crush Malaysia campaign. He made a huge new deal with Moscow for arms. He outlawed the remaining anti-Communist political parties. And he went to work on American citizens and property. First came a decreed revision of the royalty arrangements with the oil companies. Now the American corporations operating in the islands—Caltex, Stanvac, Pan American, Goodyear, Goodrich—are being taken over. Meanwhile, Sukarno's Foreign Minister has made a pilgrimage to Peking. Indonesian mobs have been sacking our embassies, libraries, and other official installations, and harassing our diplomats. Internationally, Sukarno—firmly backed by General Nasution, the Defense Minister on whom U.S. hopes were fondly based—gives solid support to the cause of our enemies in Southeast Asia.

We meant well in Indonesia, as we usually do: meant to aid the anti-imperialist wave of independence, freedom and progress, to help develop a new nation and thereby strengthen it against the assaults and wiles of Communism. To that end we tolerated, nay assisted, Sukarno in his liquidation of the anti-Communist forces that for a while were ascendant in much of Sumatra, southern Borneo, the Celebes, and scores of smaller islands. To that end we continued to pour in money, arms, food and machines while Sukarno whirled ahead along his revolutionary path arm in arm with the largest Communist Party outside the Communist walls. We meant well, but did abominably, as in this sort of situation we have usually done.

And now—the lesson having, it would seem, been completed—we have sent on emergency mission to Indonesia, charged with pulling us out of disaster, our old friend Ellsworth Bunker, who did so much to get us into it.

What will he give Sukarno this time? Malaysia?

The Astronauts

The Russians upstaged us in the atmosphere during the past fortnight. It is a pity that our people haven't pulled the rug out from under the Russians—talking about vaudeville—which could most easily have been done by emphasizing the reason for the greater gaudiness of the Russian achievement: they care less about the loss of human lives. We do not know how many astronauts last saw Russia when they zoomed off the launching pad. We do know the Russians announce their achievements only after they are achieved. We announce our intention to achieve, and suffer humiliation when we fail, as during the fall of 1957 when we seemed to be aiming all our rockets into the sands of Florida.

What the Russians accomplished was an act of personal courage ordained by the state. If we had told Colonel Glenn he was expected, two years ago, to pull out of his space vehicle and do a *pas de deux* for teevee—he'd have done it. The point is we wouldn't ask him to, not until we knew it was safe, or near-safe. The difference between the achievement of our mood about human beings and the Communist mood about human beings is the most exciting achievement of the century.

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On the Right

The Negro and the American Dream

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

In England recently Mr. James Baldwin appeared before the Cambridge Union, an ancient and illustrious debating society whose officials have included Thomas Macaulay, William Thackeray and John Maynard Keynes, to argue the motion that "The American dream is at the expense of the American Negro." (I appeared as the negative guest speaker.) The motion carried by about 3-1. On the showing of the Cambridge Union, British youth would appear to believe that American progress towards the American dream requires the exploitation of the American Negro, an assumption so preposterous as to raise interesting questions about the land that believes this superstition, rather than about the land in which it is allegedly practiced.

Buckley

The students at Cambridge are probably among the best-educated in the world. It does not follow that they are educated about America, or that they are educated about the works of James Baldwin. Mr. Baldwin received enormous ovations, both at the beginning and at the end of his talk during which, I report the tidings gladly, he did not once call for the destruction of that civilization which, he promised us in his evangelistic essay, would be given over to the fire next time. Prompting me to remark when my turn came that Mr. Baldwin's speech had been given in English accents (hiss, boo); and indeed it was not until two-thirds of the way through that I suddenly realized that the gentlemen in the audience were quite literally unaware that Mr. Baldwin's indictment of our society is total, that he does not acknowledge that the American dream is defensible, let alone that it is exalted. They looked at him, simply, as a Negro. In doing so they did more, I believe, to hurt his feelings and persuade him of the truth of his lament that nobody knows his name, than I did when I told him I respected him enough to take his arguments seriously, and to fight back with him even as I would against a man whose skin was white.

The American dream may, for a very few people, presuppose the constant availability of the Negroes as a servile class. But to suppose that what is true of the magnolia-ridden few (who as a matter of fact survive mostly in literature rather than in life) is true also for the American nation as a whole is to lose control of one's rational faculties and relapse into the kind of boozy anti-Americanism that so many urban Britishers find so very stimulating. The facts make shreds of Mr. Baldwin's proposition. American injustice to Negroes may be the blackest of our sins. But whence does it follow that the pursuit of the American dream *depends* on the subordination of the Negro? In point of fact those Americans who have ever stopped to wonder what is the American dream are uniformly concerned over the fact of injustice to the Negro. It is hardly thinkable that they conceive the Negroes' degradation as necessary to the achievement of that dream.

Our Gravest Offense

What happened at Cambridge, and what would have happened at almost any cosmopolitan center abroad, is that the audience desired to find a way to rebuke the United States for our treatment of the Negro, and cared not at all that the resolution's formal phrasing committed them to denouncing the United States as a society whose successes depend upon the perpetuation of injustice to the Negro. No, the gentlemen of Cambridge simply wanted to censure America, and happily found the opportunity to do so when Mr. Baldwin raised his eloquent voice to denounce those of his fellow citizens born with the misfortune of white skins, than which there is no graver contemporary offense in the view of the young Anglo-Saxon aristocrats who dominate the life of Cambridge University today as they have over the past 500 years.

But forget the technicalities of the anti-American resolution, and forget also the altogether natural impulses of youth in a country of evanescing power and prestige whose physical survival is a matter that depends largely on the turn of American politics. It remains the case that these young gentlemen who reflect—and indeed, because they are young, magnify—the heat of the regnant prejudices of their society, do not seem to know the nature of the problem in America. England has had the relative good fortune of disposing of her racial problems by the solemn act of running down the Union Jack, turning over the seals of office to the dissenters, and hoping full-throatedly that God will nevertheless save the Queen. Their solution of the Kenya problem was to turn over the country to that moral precisionist, Burning Spear Kenyatta, and in Ghana to the Redeemer Nkrumah, and in India to Nehru, and never mind whether the dreams of Kenya, Ghana, and India are at the expense of the Kikuyu, democracy, and Moslems.

In America we cannot simply turn over the dissident minority to James Baldwin or to Adam Clayton Powell Jr., and at the Harvard Union and the Yale Union we do not feel compelled to ponder the question whether England pursues its dreams at the expense of those who used to be Her Majesty's hopeful subjects, who now depend for justice on the good humor of their paramount chiefs.

Well, that's the way it goes for big powerful countries. It is only important for Americans to pursue the demands of their own conscience, and smile courteously, if a little absent-mindedly, at the inflamed interventions of our cousins who chatter their preoccupations over our moral deficiencies while returning vast areas of the world to the conditions from which American Negroes were rescued years ago, at the very beginning of their American ordeal.

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The Third World War

Dialectic of the Split

JAMES BURNHAM

It is reported that, in its Vietnam policy, the U.S. Government is for the first time making a deliberate attempt to exploit the Sino-Soviet split. It is to be hoped that this report is true, not only because of the practical benefit that might result but because the attempt, whether or not successful, might yield some verified knowledge concerning the real nature of the split and its consequences, if any, for the non-Communist world.

Burnham

We do know, of course, that a bitter factional dispute is going on between the Communist parties of China and the Soviet Union. We know that this dispute has spread to the world Communist movement. In some nations, the local party has divided into opposing tendencies or has split outright; in a few, the party has refused to take sides. In the world movement as a whole, the monolithic control exercised by the Soviet party from 1930 to 1956 has broken down—though the common estimates of the degree of independence and "pluralism" go beyond the verified facts.

In the relations among Communist-ruled governments, in particular between the Soviet and Chinese governments, we know that there are disputes and conflicts, and that these, or some of these, seem to be correlated with the conflicts now going on among the respective Communist parties. But here we are already on shaky ground.

There have always been conflicts among Communist governments, even in the palmiest days of Stalinist monolithism. Granted that some of the conflicts are sharper now (though no sharper, certainly, than the Soviet-Yugoslav conflict once was), it is hard to be sure how deep they go, rhetoric aside, and just how they link up with the inter-party struggles.

Moscow withdrew many Soviet technicians from China, and tightened up on trade terms. Still, the Soviet Union has continued to rank first in the Chinese foreign trade list. Moscow discontinued some of her nuclear assistance to China. But the Chinese airforce still uses MiGs, including late models, and the Chinese civilian transports are Ilyushins; and there are those who believe the U-238 of the Chinese bomb came from Russia. Chinese students, along with Africans, got out of hand a couple of weeks ago at the U. S. embassy in Moscow. But Soviet police, knowing about it beforehand, had made no preventive move; and then, too, it is interesting that after all the years of "final split" there are still so many Chinese students in Russia.

What's the Trouble?

Exactly what is at issue in these overlapping conflicts? First and most obviously it is a power struggle, but what beyond the sheer struggle for power? Many things, no doubt, as always in a complex social process. It is hard to sift out the dominant factors. We have been told ten thousand times that the issue is peaceful coexistence *vs.* revolutionary militancy, and there is no doubt that Russian *vs.* Chinese *rhetoric* bears this out. But the facts do not bear out the rhetoric.

Chou En-lai, on African tour, has long and cozy visits with the most reactionary rulers, the King of Morocco and the Emperor of Ethiopia. Mao happily coexists with de Gaulle, and is ready for any amount of peaceful business with Japan. Moscow, from its corner, gives far more actual support than Peking to the "wars of national liberation" in Cuba, Algeria, Venezuela, the Congo, Yemen, Angola and Cyprus. Both Peking and Moscow give full political and much material support to the armed struggle in Vietnam, Malaysia, Zanzibar. Neither Moscow nor Peking shows any inclination to risk general war.

Lenin distinguished "legal" from "illegal" methods, and insisted that a genuine revolutionary party must use both, though one or the other might be primary under the prevailing circumstance. To stick to legal methods only was right-wing opportunism; to scorn legal methods and opt for illegal, adventurism and sectarianism. We have here an application of the dialectical law of "the unity of opposites." Legal methods (*thesis*) are the opposite of illegal methods (*antithesis*); the true revolutionary (Bolshevik) line is the unity (*synthesis*) of the two in "a higher stage."

Onward and Upward

In the history of the revolutionary movement since the *Communist Manifesto* we do in fact find a continuing polarity between the legal (reformist) and illegal (adventurist) tendencies, inside each party and between various parties. In the U. S. before World War I, the Socialist Party went in for legal methods, the IWW to a considerable extent for illegal. When the U. S. Communist Party began just after that war, the Palmer Red Scare and the comrades' own predilections dictated an illegal, underground mode of operation. When the governmental heat let up, the Comintern reps had a hard time forcing the U. S. Party above ground, it was so comfortable in its burrow. For several years there were actually two parties: one underground (illegal), the other above (legal).

The present conflict between peaceful coexistence *à la russe* and revolutionary militancy *au chinois* is at bottom the old legal-illegal dispute. A true dialectician would see it once more exemplifying the law of the unity of opposites. On a higher plane, the Russian thesis of coexistence and the Chinese antithesis of militancy fuse into a synthesis of true revolutionary strategy.

And does it not work out so in practice? The militant antithesis smites the enemy of the revolution with riots, arson, terror, bombs and bullets while the peaceful thesis seduces him with negotiations, electoral processes, conferences, agreements, hopes of disarmament, trade and peace. The two opposite modes synthesize into a united march carrying the revolution forward.

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Where Does Chile Go From Here?

A look at the past history of President Frei and his Christian Democratic Party would show them to be hard on capitalism, soft on Communism

THOMAS MITCHELL

Last September 4, the people of Chile went to the polls to elect a new President for the next six years. The President whose term was ending, Jorge Alessandri, was prevented by constitutional provision from succeeding himself. To prevent the election of the Communist-supported Socialist candidate, Salvador Allende, the Conservative and Liberal factions swung over to support of the Christian Democrats, and the Christian Democratic candidate, Eduardo Frei Montalva, was elected by a popular vote of 56 per cent.

On the surface, this looked like a clear-cut victory for the anti-Communists. In his acceptance speech, Frei declared his determination to work for the common good of all the nation, and asked God's protection to help him carry out the mission entrusted to him. Both Catholic and secular papers in the United States generally accepted the outcome of the election as a victory of good over evil. One paper rhapsodized that "a noble experiment with far reaching ramifications is about to begin."

How Noble the Experiment?

But in six months between the presidential elections and the congressional elections of March 7, nothing much happened. Frei's ambitious program of social reforms was stymied in Congress. The parties of the Center and Right that had supported his candidacy—better a left Christian Democrat than a pro-Communist—felt no corresponding obligation to support Frei's proposed extensive banking, tax and agrarian reforms, to enlist in his "war" against "backwardness, injustice and misery." Balked by the Legislature, Frei took his case to the country and got a vote of confidence in the election of early March in the form of an 82 majority (of 147) in the Chamber of Deputies.

Informed Latin Americans agree that an experiment is about to begin, and that its ramifications will be far reaching, but as to its nobility they are somewhat doubtful. Many are inclined to accept the pre-election evaluation of the Peruvian ex-Communist, Eudocio Ravines: that Frei, like Allende, wishes to hang the bourgeoisie, but insists upon granting them the consolation of confession.

One must review the history of Frei and of the Christian Democratic Party of Chile, to understand this apprehension. The party was born as the National Falange, in the late 1930s, and began as a dissenting group in the Conservative (Catholic) Party. From its inception, it repudiated Communist doctrine and tactics, but claimed that the only way to hold back Communism is through the application of Christian social doctrine. Experts on Communism disagree, pointing out that a determined, advancing conspiracy is not held back by its victims' adherence to Christian principle.

According to the Chilean writer and professor of law, Jorge Ivan Hubner, the Christian Democratic Party of Chile has its roots in the ideas which sprang from the French Revolution and in the philosophy propounded by Lamennais and later by Marc Sangnier of the ill-fated movement, Le Sillon, condemned by St. Pius X. It evidences an idolatry of "democracy", says Hubner, which is inspired by a secularist, Rousseauesque Liberalism. It contemplates a pluralist society in which all ideologies, including Communism, can peacefully coexist.

During the first years of its life, the Falange accomplished no more than the election of three or four representatives to Congress. It tended to gravitate slightly more to the left as time went on. While it always spoke against Communism, it lent direct or indirect support to Communist campaigns in various instances. Laws in restraint of Communist activity, it argued, were "undemocratic" and infringed on human rights.

Falange vs. Anti-Communists

In 1944, Frei, then president of the National Falange, along with other officials of the group, made up part of a "Council of Honor" in the Movement of Relations with USSR, and Falangist Radomiro Tomic, now Frei's ambassador to the United States, spoke before Congress in favor of diplomatic exchange with the Soviets. Recognition was inevitable, he maintained; and besides Russia might modify Communism at any minute; might even cease to *be* Communist. Relations were re-established. When three years later diplomatic ties were again broken with Russia, Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia, the Falangists bitterly lamented the decision.

In 1945, the Falange made an electoral pact with the Communist Party, to support the same candidates in a parliamentary election. It defended this action on grounds that Catholic parties in Europe had participated in governments along with Communists. But this reasoning is fallacious, protests Sergio Fernandez Larrain, a Conservative Party spokesman. An electoral pact, says Fernandez Larrain, means actual collaboration with Communism, lending prestige to Communist candidates and in some cases even electing them through the added support of the non-Communist vote. Participation in government, he points out, is quite another matter; an established government is a *fait accompli*, and even if it includes Communists, Catholics are justified in participation in it to do whatever good they can.

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In 1947, when the Chilean Government attempted to end a Communist-led strike in the coal mines, the Falange condemned all government intervention and upheld the strikers. The Falange proudly declared itself to be the only party that had stayed outside the anti-Communist bloc; termed the fight against Communists a fight against "the people."

Sympathy With Loyalists

On June 27, 1947, Eduardo Frei made a speech in which he voiced the sentiment which has been repeated many times since in Falangist publications: that *anti-Communism is worse than Communism.* The Falangist magazine, *Politica y Espiritu,* declared (July 1948) that "under the mask of anti-Communism . . . are hidden and disguised the agents of North American and native capitalism, concerned with distracting our attention from the danger that they represent for our people." Frei himself declared (*Politica y Espiritu,* May 1947) that legal status should not be denied the Communists.

The Falange has consistently attacked anti-Communists. It accused them of wishing only to protect their "privileges and interests," while opposing any legislation that conflicted with the privileges and interests of the Communists. It sympathized with the Spanish Loyalists and consistently attacked Franco.

These activities and attitudes finally drew fire from Jose Maria Cardinal Caro, Archbishop of Santiago. In a statement published on December 10, 1947, the Cardinal said that while he had a first looked with sympathy upon the Falangist movement, he was much disturbed by the positions it had taken. The Cardinal scored its agitation in favor of diplomatic ties with countries that persecuted religion and abused their citizens. He found its admiration for supposed achievements of the Russians misplaced, and scored also its hostility toward anti-Communism, and its attitude toward Spain. The Church, the Cardinal declared, cannot be other than anti-Communist.

The Falangists were apparently unimpressed. In 1950, Senator Tomic engaged in a determined campaign to re-establish diplomatic relations with Yugoslavia. Through some devious reasoning, Tomic claimed the martyred Christian Slavs of past centuries would favor recognition of the Tito regime, and urged cultural and commercial interchange.

The persecution of the clergy and of religious orders in Yugoslavia as reported by that country's Episcopate

in 1952 was horrifying. But on July 14, 1954, *El Mercurio* published a statement by Tomic which said—reaffirming opinions he had given in Belgrade in 1952—that while Cardinal Stepinac was indeed unjustly sentenced, *there are degrees* of injustice, and he was treated much *less* badly than was, for example, Cardinal Mindszenty. He believed, said Tomic, that the "climate of animadversion between the Church and the regime" would be "modified", and that in any case, the Church in Yugoslavia was *less* oppressed and persecuted than in the Iron Curtain countries. For Yugoslavia, declared this expert, *had been* a Communist country but was one no longer.

In 1953, a Falangist publication called *Rebeldia* published an article titled "Guatemala, American Example," in which it praised the Red regime of Arbenz. When the Arbenz regime was deposed, a protest march was organized in Santiago, and among those heading it were Senator Frei and a Falangist congressman, along with the Communist poet Neruda, who is well known for the anti-religious and immoral quality of his writings.

In 1955, Falange President Rafael A. Gumicio signed a Communist-originated peace petition known as the Call of Vienna. Neruda was one of the signers, as was Salvador Allende.

A campaign got underway in 1958 to repeal a statute passed ten years earlier, with the support of almost all political parties, called the Law for Defense of Democracy. This law prohibited Communist activity and propaganda within the country, and for that matter, the operation of any faction or movement that sought to institute a totalitarian or tyrannical regime. The Falange, which had by then become the Christian Democratic Party, joined with the leftist parties in agitation against the law, at a time when the world was still shocked by the tragedy of Hungary.

Aided Communism

That the repeal of the law aided Communism, there is no doubt. Rev. John J. Jelly, OSA, says "The Communists have had a continuous field day since the Christian Democratic Party aided the leftist parties to repeal the law for the Defense of Democracy, 1958, which although possibly abused in a few cases, protected Chile against Communist subversion."

The Falange, both under that name and re-baptized as the Christian Democratic Party, has promoted the

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belief that Communism is merely the result of poverty and can be eliminated by the betterment of conditions. This is on a par with arguing that one can put out a fire by redecorating the house.

The Falangist-Christian-Democratic idea of economics is based on something called *"propiedad comunitaria":* a "community" structure in place of the capitalist system. This thesis was set forth in some detail by two young Falangists named Jacques Solar and Julio Silvo Solar in 1951. They advocate placing the means of production in the hands of "communities of labor," letting private ownership extend only to consumer goods.

Frei himself says that he wants a "practical division" of the land, cutting up all large landholdings, even those that are productively cultivated. This is necessary, he says, for "socio-political reasons." In some parts of Chile, he adds, however, it will be best for the land to be worked "in common"—which seems to imply collective farms. In industry, he looks forward to greater worker-participation in ownership and management. With regard to the mines, Frei does not contemplate nationalization (he says he is content with the nationalization of petroleum) but speaks of "Chileanization," which involves pressure on the copper companies to invest more money to raise production, to refine the copper in Chile, to increase selling prices, and to sell to Communist countries. This interest in the fortunes of the copper industry is understandable when one realizes that present tax rates applying to the copper companies are 75 to 85 per cent. Anaconda and Kennecott, saved from the immediate nationalization threatened by Allende, will undoubtedly try to cooperate with Frei, as they have something like a billion dollars already invested in Chile. But the proposed government intervention in both agriculture and industry, combined with labor troubles (unions are largely socialist or Marxist) will hardly encourage investment, and investment in one of the things most needed.

In foreign affairs, Frei and the Christian Democrats will doubtless encourage cultural as well as commercial interchange with Communist countries; one of his first actions as President was to resume diplomatic relations with a number of the satellites. Frei has consistently opposed any diplomatic sanctions against Cuba.

The Chilean Christian Democrats, as we have said, claim to adhere to "Christian social doctrine," but if it is pointed out to them that a number of their ideas are at odds with the Church's teaching (as, for example, concerning socialism and Communism), they hurriedly retreat into a corner and protest that theirs is not a "confessional party."

"Chile," says Father Kelly, "faces a hard road ahead in preserving itself from Communism." Another priest who has worked in Chile remarks, "The things Chile needs most are more agricultural production, more private investment, more concern over Communism, and *less* state intervention."

The Christian Democrats now have the opportunity to lead the country toward a closer observation of Christian social teachings, which include adherence to the principle of subsidiarity, recognition of the right to private property, and forthright opposition to socialism and Communism. It remains to be seen whether President Frei and his followers will take a more realistic approach now that they are in power than they have.

The Plumbing of the New Deal

The Plumbers & Pipe Fitters have commissioned Harvard University to write a history of the union.

AFL-CIO News

President
Plumbers & Pipe Fitters Union
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

As you know, I have recently returned from extra-academic speechwriting duty in Washington to be assigned the task of compiling, "in the tradition of the Harvard Department of History," a definitive history of American plumbing & pipe fitting. Although I have had but a brief time to gather my thoughts on this subject, certain methodological approaches seem apparent.

For example, we can assume that, like everything else, American plumbing & pipe fitting did not really come of age until March, 1933. Further, that while the past three decades have witnessed remarkable progress in your industry, along with growth, power and preeminence has come a corresponding erosion of all the certainties and absolutes that went with a former, happier era of simple, ordered conduitry.

To the point, the forces which make up American plumbing & pipe fitting in these dangerous '60s are both complex and interacting; the American family has learned that there are no quick, easy or cheap solutions to contemporary sewage problems, if indeed there are any solutions at all. The test of national maturity in the turbulent years ahead therefore will be our ability to adapt, with style, to a modern world of recurrent and incessant leakage, drippage and ever-increasing repair costs. The assigned role of the Plumbers & Pipe Fitters Union in this historic process goes without saying.

But beyond the dialogue of domestic crisis lies an even greater challenge, one which no Harvard history worth its name can ignore. For at this watershed period of international relations, we Americans, who comprise but two per cent of the world's population, possess ninety per cent of its plumbing; yet this boast of jingoists abroad, unless we are prepared to take the lead in the revolution of rising expectations, might well become the curse of future generations of our citizens. Truly, so long as the humblest Kurdish peasant must walk cold mornings to an outhouse, America is not secure. Nor even, for that matter, is the Plumbers & Pipe Fitters Union.

I trust this general outline conforms to your own ideas regarding this project. A working title has been selected, one previously suggested and set aside for a more comprehensive study of recent decades in American history—*Down the Drain, 1933-1965.*

Very truly yours,
VICTOR GOLD

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American Friends of the Vietcong

A former Communist exposes certain of the radical peace movements in the U.S. and traces their links back to Prague, Budapest, Algiers, Peking and Hanoi

HERBERT ROMERSTEIN

General Vo Nguyen Giap, the North Vietnamese Defense Minister and the director of the Vietcong war in South Vietnam, greatly favors the "policy of Front," which amounts to using non-Communists to do the work of the Communists, or, as General Giap has said, "neutralizing all those who could be neutralized, dividing all those it was possible to divide."

Communist-front tactics have been used throughout the world for almost half a century, and are being used now in the United States in behalf of the Vietcong. The prime movers are members of the Progressive Labor Movement, which is the pro-Peking faction of the American Communist movement. International coordinating committees have been set up in Budapest (for the youth), in Prague (for students), and in Hanoi (for the Afro-Asian anti-white fanatics). The youth and student committees are headed by Algerian Communists and have been extremely active in sending pro-Vietcong material to the so-called uncommitted countries. Just a fortnight ago it was announced that the next Communist World Youth Festival will be held in Algiers in August of this year.

The Communist Party U.S.A. has instructed its members and friends to flood the office of Senator Wayne Morse with messages of support for his demand that we abandon South Vietnam. Senator Morse has placed many letters of support in the *Congressional Record* which were written by identified Communists and/or Fifth Amendment witnesses before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. (Of course, many other letters were from ordinary, decent, but gullible and terrified people.)

The pacifist Committee for Non-Violent Action recently issued an incredible "Declaration of Conscience," which reads in part as follows:

> Because the use of the military resources of the United States in Vietnam and elsewhere suppresses the aspirations of the people for political independence and economic freedom; because inhuman torture and senseless killing are being carried out by forces armed, uniformed, trained and financed by the U.S.; because we believe that all peoples of the earth, including both Americans and non-Americans, have an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the peaceful pursuit of happiness in their own way; and because we think that positive steps must be taken to put an end to the threat of nuclear catastrophe and death by chemical or biological warfare, whether these result from accident or escalation—We hereby declare our conscientious refusal to cooperate with the U.S. Government in the prosecution of the war in Vietnam.

No one was astonished to see this statement signed by the perennial signers of such things—Dorothy Day,

A. J. Muste, Otto Nathan, David Dellinger. But it was indeed interesting to find in their company the trade unionist and civil rights leader, A. Philip Randolph, and the eminent W. H. Ferry of the Fund for the Republic. The *Hanoi Vietnam Courier* has been celebrating similar statements, invoking such people as Mrs. Corliss Lamont, Ruth Gage Colby, Linus Pauling, Senators Morse and Gruening, and quoting such groups as the May 2nd Committee and Women Strike for Peace. Photos of May 2nd Committee demonstrations in New York have appeared in the Vietcong pamphlet, "Indomitable South Vietnam," published in English and French, and in pamphlets issuing from the coordinating committees in Budapest and Prague.

Last summer the Communist youth groups in the United States received a letter from Semidi Mohamed, the organizer of pro-Vietcong youth activities, who resides in Budapest. His letter said, in part:

> The permanent Secretariat of the International Solidarity Committee with the youth and people of South Vietnam calls on you to speak outright against any complicity in the U.S. war of aggression in South Vietnam. And the Committee considers that it is necessary that you should join the mass campaign now developing in the United States to demand an end to the U.S. war, the withdrawal of the American troops and weapons from South Vietnam, and the respect for the Geneva Agreements by the U.S. Government and the settlement of the South Vietnam problem by the South Vietnamese people by themselves.

The May 2nd Committee, led by members of the Progressive Labor Movement, is a coalition of left-wing extremist youth groups, including the Communist Party's youth group, Advance (now going under the name DuBois Clubs of America), and the Puerto Rican pro-Communist group named Pro-Independence Movement (MPI), and in turn its youth group, the University Federation for Independence (FUPI). Trotskyite groups such as the Young Socialist Alliance (the youth group of the Socialist Workers Party), Youth Against War and Fascism (the youth group of the Workers World Party), and the Spartacists (a recent Trotskyite splinter group) have also participated.

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The May 2nd Committee (so named after the date of its first demonstration, May 2, 1964) was greeted by Hanoi Radio at its formation. Hanoi broadcast its "hope that our friends throughout the world . . . will demonstrate their support by holding simultaneous protest actions on May 2nd." Speakers at the opening demonstration included Mrs. Corliss Lamont, the *National Guardian's* Russ Nixon, and Progressive Labor Movement's William Epton (who is under indictment as a result of his activities during last summer's riots in Harlem). About a week before the demonstration, FBI and customs officials raided a Progressive Labor Movement headquarters and seized a Vietcong propaganda film, which had just been shown. It had been brought into the U.S. illegally. Copies of it and of other Vietcong films are still being smuggled in and are being shown at various colleges.

William Epton provides an interesting example of the interconnection of front groups. He has had numerous conferences with one Robert Collier, who was arrested in mid-February along with two other men and a Canadian girl on charges of plotting to blow up the Statute of Liberty, the Liberty Bell, and the Washington Monument. Epton is the Harlem leader of the Progressive Labor Movement. Collier is self-proclaimed head of the Black Liberation Front. Shortly after his arrest, Collier called for Conrad Lynn as his lawyer; Lynn is also Epton's lawyer. One of the bomb plotters had been to Cuba last summer as part of the group of 84 "students" who defied the State Department, traveling under the auspices of the Student Committee for Travel to Cuba—a front group for the Progressive Labor Movement. While in Cuba the "students" conferred with the pro-Peking "Che" Guevara and Robert Williams; and Guevara during his last visit to the UN in New York conferred with Collier.

Last August 8, the May 2nd Committee organized a violent demonstration at Times Square. Seventeen demonstrators were arrested, including a number of Progressive Labor Movement activists who had just returned from an illegal trip to Cuba.

On December 14 a May 2nd Committee rally was held at Manhattan Center. About 40 husky young men wearing red arm bands circulated through the audience to keep order. The featured speaker was the Zanzibar revolutionary, Mohammed Babu, who decried the Western rescue mission in the Congo. LeRoi Jones, the Negro playwright, asked, "Does anyone believe that they had to bring in whole divisions of troops to save one ugly nun from being raped?" Marc Schleifer, recently an employee of the scandal-ridden Mobilization for Youth, read a May 2nd Movement statement to the audience, denouncing U.S. suppression of Vietnamese independence, and stating a refusal to fight against the Vietnamese people. Schleifer said the statement had been signed by more than one thousand young men. The rally also heard from Bertrand Russell, who defended the Vietcong as follows: "The war of atrocity in Vietnam confronts Americans with a duty not unlike that faced by Germans during the Nazi era. It is not necessary to compare the gas chambers of Nazi Germany with the internment camps employed in South Vietnam to make clear that the record of torture and atrocity for which the United States is responsible challenges Americans with the same moral duty to protest. . . . I consider the May 2nd Movement to speak for the conscience of Americans and I urge all who value the good name of their country to join its work."

Havana to Harlem

Among the young people who traveled to Cuba last summer under the Progressive Labor Movement's wing were a group of Negro extremists, members of the Revolutionary Action Movement (RAM) and its Detroit affiliate Uhuru. This group signed a violent anti-U.S. statement along standard anti-imperialist lines in the usual Marxist formulations. RAM, advocating anti-white violence, is under the political guidance of Robert Williams, who brought the RAM members to a meeting in Havana with Vo dong Giang, the Vietcong's permanent representative in Cuba. Williams, by the way, had been active in the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, which had also enjoyed the allegiance of Walter Bowe, another of the Collier bomb-plotters. Bowe is now married to the daughter of the sister of Judge Hubert Delaney, who is on the Executive Committee of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee (which has been cited by the HUAC as a Communist-front organization). Delaney recommended Bowe to the Henry Street Settlement; Nelson Rockefeller selected Delaney as one of his chief aides during his unsuccessful campaign for the Presidential nomination.

The kind of guidance that RAM gets from Robert Williams may be gleaned from an excerpt of the May-June 1964 "Crusader," a newsletter Williams publishes in Havana for distribution in the U.S.; copies were uncovered in Harlem during last summer's rioting. The May-June issue says in part: "The weapons of defense employed by Afroamerican freedom fighters must consist of the poor man's arsenal. Gasoline fire bombs (Molotov cocktails), lye or acid bombs (made by injecting lye or acid in the metal end of light bulbs) can be used extensively. During the night hours such weapons, thrown from roof tops, will make the streets impossible for racist cops to patrol."

The North Vietnamese government organized an international conference in support of the Vietcong, which was held in Hanoi during the last week of November 1964. Three Americans showed up. Robert Williams gave a speech in which he called the U.S. government a "devil" and the American people "racist savages." Anna Louise Strong, who is now on the Peking payroll, rejoiced at the Vietcong assault on U.S. positions at Bien Hoa airfield. Sidney Rittenberg, a resident in Peking for the last ten years and until recently the Red China correspondent for the *Worker*, denounced "the baby-burners of Mississippi, the barbarians . . . the U.S. imperialists . . . the bloody imperialist beast . . . the cruel imperialist invader."

And so, through the tangle of fronts, from Black Nationalist to pro-Cuba to anti-U.S. to pro-Vietcong, with headquarters in New York, Budapest, Prague, Hanoi, and so on, the propaganda and paramilitary warfare goes on, neutralizing all those who can be neutralized, dividing all those it is possible to divide. General Giap owes a great debt to his many American friends.

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- When asked how far along they went in their education, 34.4% of these subscribers say that they are post graduates, 30.3% say they are college graduates. and 18.7% said they attended college but did not graduate, thus making a total of 83.4% who at least attended college.

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- As far as their occupation, job title or position is concerned, 20.4% of them are company officers, 10.5% have other management titles and 18.7% are professional people.
- Twenty-nine percent of the subscribers said they were a director, trustee, or officer of some company, institution, or foundation.
- Over half (55.0%) directly or indirectly influence the decisions on purchases made by the subscriber's firm or organization.

Where do they go?

- Almost half (48.9%) have traveled for business **within** the continental limits of the United States during the past 12 months (200 miles round-trip, or away from home overnight). The median number of trips taken by these business travelers is 4, and the average number 10.4. Seven out of ten (70.3%) used a plane, 74.8% used a private car, 30.0% rented a car, and 19.0% took a train.
- Business travel **outside** the continental limits of the United States during the past 12 months was undertaken by 8.8%. The median number of trips taken by these business travelers is 1 and the average number is 2.8. As for transportation used during these trips, 84.2% used a plane, 30.5% used a private car, 23.2% rented a car, 14.7% took a boat, and 12.6% used the railroad. Canada was the most popular country visited (39.8%), Europe took second place with 32.7% going there, and Mexico was third with 20.4% going there.
- Slightly more than 4 out of 5 (80.9%) have traveled on vacation, or for pleasure, **within** the continental limits of the United States during the past 12 months (3 days or more). The median number of trips taken by these vacationers or pleasure travelers is 2 and the average number 2.4. Almost 9 out of 10 (88.6%) used a private car, 30.9% took a plane, and 10.7% used the railroad.
- Vacation or pleasure travel **outside** the continental limits of the United States during the past 12 months was undertaken by 21.0%. The median number of trips taken by these vacation or pleasure travelers is 1, and the average number is 1.5. As for transportation used, 60.3% took a plane, 47.0% used a private car, 26.3% rented a car, 19.4% took a boat, and 16.8% used the railroad.

What do they buy?

- Almost everyone owns an automobile (93.7%). Among those owning an automobile, over half, (51.3%) own two or more automobiles, with 10.7% owning 3 or more. The median number of automobiles owned is 2, and the average number is 1.7.
- When asked about 9 specific items, almost 3 out of 4 (73.2%) own a high fidelity record player, 41.8% own a piano, 13.3% have color TV, and 10.5% own an outboard motor boat. The other

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five items are swimming pools (8.3%), home electric organs (6.7%), daysailers (3.2%), inboard motor boats (3.0%), and auxiliary sailboats (1.6%).

• When queried as to which of these purchases they made in the past 12 months, 41.9% of the owners said they bought their color television set within the past 12 months, 35.7% the auxiliary sailboat, 29.3% the electric organ, 28.0% the daysailer, 20.9% the swimming pool, 20.8% the inboard motor boat, outboard motor boat 19.1%, high fidelity record player 15.2%, and piano 6.5%.

• Of those having air conditioning, almost two-thirds (63.8%) have individual room air conditioners, whereas slightly more than one-third (36.7%) have central equipment air conditioning. Of those persons having individual room air conditioners, half of them (50.0%) have two or more, and 20.8% have 3 or more individual room air conditioners. The median number of air conditioners is 1, and the average number is 1.8.

• In an average month, slightly more than half of the persons (53.5%) buy **fiction** books, and 82.3% buy **non-fiction** books. For fiction books the median is 1 and for non-fiction books the median is 2. The average number for **fiction** books is 1.5, and for **non-fiction** books the average is 2.2.

• About 5 out of 6 persons serve or use alcoholic beverages — beer, wine, liquor. Of those persons using or serving these beverages, 81.4% have domestic beer and ale, 69.4% have domestic wines, 68.3% Scotch whiskey, 68.0% bourbon, 58.7% gin, 44.7% liqueurs and cordials, 42.2% vodka, 41.7% imported wines, 37.1% brandy, 34.5% rum, 30.4% blended whiskey, 28.2% Canadian whiskey, 23.8% imported beer and ale, 17.9% rye, and 8.3% Irish whiskey.

How much do they like National Review?

• Almost two-thirds (65.3%) say that other family members regularly read the **National Review**. The median number of other family members regularly reading **National Review** is 1, and the average number is 1.6. More than 3 out of 5 (63.0%) say that they pass along their copy of **National Review** to persons outside of their immediate household.

• About 6 out of 7 (86.7%) said that advertising has been of assistance in selecting products bought. More than 9 out of 10 (91.5%) said that they read advertisements in **National Review**. Of those who read advertisements in **National Review**, about 6 out of 7 (86.8%) said that these advertisements have given them information which otherwise they might not have had. About 3 out of 5 (60.3%) said that these advertisements resulted in their purchasing a product or service.

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Just as soon as you want to — you can start right now, in fact, simply by filling out and mailing the order blank on this page. At the very least, have your agency investigate *National Review's* potential for *your* advertising today. We invite you to compare our subscriber profile with that of any magazine in which your advertising now appears! Write or call Mr. Howard Long, Advertising Director, *National Review*, Inc., 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York, 10016, OR 9-7330.

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	1X	4X	6X	13X	26X
1 Page	$900	$882	$864	$828	$756
2 Columns	720	706	691	662	605
1 Col. or	405	397	389	373	340
½ Col. Double					
½ Column	243	238	233	224	204
¼ Column	153	150	147	141	129
1 Inch	72	71	69	66	60

And here is our latest net paid circulation figure: 85,071, (as filed with the Audit Bureau of Circulation, subject to their audit, for six months ending December 31, 1964). Our own best estimate of sales for the December 29, 1964 issue is 100,000 copies-**plus.** Thus a very conservative projection of our subscriber and pass-along readership would be 300,000-plus.

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Robert McNamara, Crime Syndicate Head'

A starry-eyed college instructor, having read the glowing report in *Look* on Students U.S.A., Class of '69, puts them to the test (sigh!) and finds . . .

DAVE BERKMAN

As I read my copy of the new *Look*, just before the fall semester began, I felt I'd burst from sheer euphoria. The editors assured me that the students I'd be facing in my new college-teaching post would all be bright, eager-for-knowledge, post-Sputnik youngsters who, when not reading profound tomes for the sheer intellectual joy, would be manning CORE picket lines to demonstrate their concern for their less fortunate brethren.

As a former H.S. teacher, I couldn't explain this sudden metamorphosis which had taken place in the three months since their graduation; but then, would *Look* [!] lie?

Look lied.

My suspicions were first aroused when I noticed that not all the kids were quite as pretty and wind-blown, or as handsomely mature as the *Look* frosh. Still, I realized, only *Mr. Novak's* classes can boast such a completely attractive student body—and in that department I'm not quite a James Franciscus, myself.

Since it's the mind, however, and not its covering which counts, I decided to make my initial judgment on a more empirical basis by testing their 'awareness.' To a random group of 100 students—all, incidentally from an affluent suburb, much like the one from which the *Look* students came, and in a college which turns down over one student for every one it admits—I gave a list containing the names of 25 leaders in the contemporary worlds of politics, art, thought, and entertainment, and asked them to identify each.

Overworked adjectives like "incredible" or "appalling" don't begin to describe the results: Three months into the campaign, over a third (36) had no idea who William Miller was; two-fifths couldn't identify Robert McNamara (39), or Dean Rusk (40); in the midst of the British election campaign, nearly a half (46) hadn't apparently heard of Prime Minister Douglas-Home; over two-thirds (67) couldn't identify Sartre; and only two could tell me who James Reston was. Other results (reported in terms of those *unable* to provide even remote identifications), included: local government head, 17 and U.S. Senator, 19 (both then involved in hotly contested races); Mao, 20; U Thant, 29; Walter Reuther, 39; Lincoln Rockwell, 40; Everett Dirksen, 41; Bobby Baker, 42; James Farmer, 45; Fellini, 66; Thelonious Monk, 67; Mary McCarthy, 82; Linus Pauling, 90; Walter Kerr, 91.

Quizzing the Keen Teens

If not as significant, of even more interest, were some of the wrong answers, (none, I should note, given in order 'to put me on,' since no single paper contained more than one such gem): *Robert McNamara:* Leads N.Y. crime syndicate; *James Franciscus:* new Pope; *Wm. Miller:* Local surgeon; *Rockwell:* Negro civil rights leader; *Felonious* [sic] *Monk:* Head of the Monks [Reports to James Franciscus?]; *the Senator:* TV weather man; *Mary McCarthy:* TV weather girl; *Mao:* Japanese historian; *Local government head:* Runner for Rep. Party [Horse bets, or numbers? In any event, wrong party].

As surprising as the results, were my students' indignation at my reporting of them. One girl summed it up best, in attempting to obliterate me, with the following: "If you tried to tell a group of college kids anywhere they should become interested in politics, why, they'd all laugh at you. Why *should* we be interested? We're just kids!" (I, of course, agreed; though I couldn't convince her that merely admitting an evil's existence does not justify it.)

Now here were a group of college students (the plurality of whom hope to be teaching within four years) insisting on their own right to remain perpetual, youthful innocents; young adults who, simply by sitting in a college classroom, are defined as belonging to that top-quarter of the population from which—if we're to believe those Advertising Council posters, urging us to send-a-nickel-to - our - favorite - college - so - it - can - turn - out - another - leader—will come those destined to lead us! When *do* they grow up?

(But then, we should ask, why should they *want* to? We didn't need Freud to tell us that we all wish to remain at the stage where satisfaction is greatest—and who is more smugly satisfied than the over-indulged middle-class Teen?)

When I pointed out to my indignant co-ed that the only perpetual Keen Teens I knew were Archie, Betty, Jughead and Veronica in the comics bearing the title of the first named, it suddenly occurred to me that *Archie* (like so much in pop culture), has, through the years, provided a valid reflection of a change which has taken place in education. For if Archie and his Crowd haven't changed, one character has—and significantly so: the teacher, Miss Grundy. From the tough, demanding, 'hard-nosed' pedagogue of the mid-40s, who stood above, and apart from, her charges, she has today become the totally undemanding equal who has merged with the Crowd.

And here, I think, is something of the key to why half a group of college students didn't know the British Prime Minister; and two-fifths

(Continued on p. 298)

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The Need to Maintain a Civilization

Meeting in Chicago recently, a hundred or more scholars, economists, philosophers and polemicists gave the lie to rumors that conservatism has no future in America

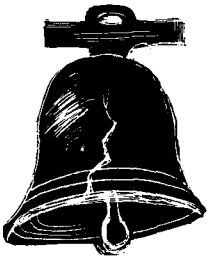
GUY DAVENPORT

"It has become almost impossible to communicate anything outside the stimulus and tone range of the bonging bell," Whittaker Chambers wrote twelve years ago, long before the Liberal clangor was as brassy and persistent as it is now. But he added: "The effort of individuals to understand retains, here and there, its integrity." He wrote not as a pessimist but as a diagnostician, and though his rhetoric often turned as black as the storm he contemplated ("Who says the West deserves to be saved?"), the most urgent warning in Chambers' last diaries and letters was for the West to resolve its inner confusion before it tried to fend off its enemy, indeed *so* that it could fend off its enemy Communism. At the end of last month a hundred and twenty-five conservatives—writers, teachers, priests, economists, historians, philosophers—met in Chicago to discuss the fate of the West, its decline, survival, or metamorphosis, for opinion flowed in many directions. Here, clearly, was "the effort of individuals to understand," and, though men of like mind, their individuality was firm, tart, and a matter for respect.

Civilization Needs Freedom

The occasion was the first national meeting of The Philadelphia Society, an organization of scholars founded only last year, that "sponsors no resolutions, political statements or corporate programs of action." Its instigator is Don Lipsett, a young Philadelphian who is also National Field Director for the lively Intercollegiate Society of Individualists. His hand had brought these minds together, and it was in an ovation to his planning that the ten hours of intellectual exchange closed.

The talks, with vigorous discussion afterwards, came in groups of three, from a Friday evening to the next afternoon. Milton Friedman, a man who never ceases to smile, professor of Economics at the University of Chicago, now visiting professor at Columbia, began the first session. Although a member of the American Philosophical Society, he forswore the philosophical tag and asked to be known as "a mere working economist." Moreover, he identified himself as a "liberal," which he defined as one for whom individual freedom is the central problem in social organization. Freedom as an idea is predominant among us because we believe the individual to be the ultimate entity for which human governments exist, and because of humility. Humility, because virtue depends upon freedom of choice, and coercion is moral arrogance and tyranny. Humility is not pleading ignorance, he made clear, nor is it relativism; it is reluctance to hedge in moral decisions.



But this graciousness can happen only in a civilization where cooperation is traditional and where there is a common sense of values. Freedom alone can allow such a civilization to grow, and only freedom can allow it to continue.

Thus at the outset the theme emerged for the entire program, that what the conservative is most anxious about is the preservation of the civilization that was brought to and that had grown in the Republic, so that it might last in the spirit in which it was begun, unbroken.

Father Stanley Parry, of the Department of Political Science at Notre Dame, spoke next, warning against the conservative mind's seeking a mere political stance. A philosophy is not conservative or Liberal but true. Our search for truth is as urgent as when Plato and Augustine inspected their societies, finding them, as we do, upside down, with first values placed last. We ought to consider why the West alone became industrial, and whether our response to the God-given right to rule nature has not by now lost its sense of rule and become a lust for power instead. Are we really capitalistic; that is, does anyone truly *own* anything any more, and have we kept pure the idea of natural freedom? In short, the West once knew the metaphysical reason for its organization, and now no longer knows. The West has a true spirit, now obscured, and to find or realize anew that truth, should be the whole labor of conservative thought.

Frank Meyer, a senior editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, called for an even more detailed organization of conservative thought. For all the progress of the conservative revival in the decade past, we can still stand convicted of intellectual thinness, of carping from a fixed position, of having constructed a demonology to contemplate rather than an *avant garde* to move forward, theorize, and explore. We need historians to give an account of our time, for history now omits everything but the Liberal Revolution. We ought to study rather than give glib dismissal to such rites and touchstones of the Liberals as the morality of war in a nuclear age, the salvation of the Negro from second-class citizenship, Freud's description of human nature. In short, the necessity for maintaining a civilization involves the relentless search for the form of civilized life, and a form must take care of all the elements within it. We therefore cannot afford to think of ourselves as conservatives with a cause to speak for, or waste

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our energies in reaction, but must act within and throughout the form of our civilization, tending to its health in all things. We have struck for power and lost, without ever proving to the electorate that we deserve power.

In the second session of speeches, Robert Strausz-Hupé, director of the University of Pennsylvania's Foreign Policy Research Institute, read a clearly styled, crisp paper in which he argued that the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations' hope of stopping the proliferation of nuclear power and of cooperation with Communism is hollow and unrealistic.

"This side of surrender," he said, "cooperation with Communism is impossible." The Communist hierarchy is a priestly class, administering mysteries, and knows nothing of anybody else's right to exist. Khrushchev fell because he was beginning to secularize. For forty years they have succeeded in tyranny and imperialism as no nation in history. Against this force, the United States has been ambiguous and suicidally charismatic, causing "an isolationism by inadvertence more terrible than that of its traditional isolationism." Our attention span is short with realities, but permanently hallucinated by the phantom of Soviet-American cooperation, and it is doubtful if we will be as lucky as we were in Cuba when next we meet the enemy.

Ecumenism Allow Dishonor?

Brent Bozell, former senior editor of NATIONAL REVIEW and author of the forthcoming *The Warren Revolution,* addressed himself to the inner weaknesses of the West that will let Communism in. He fears that the West as a self-conscious embodiment of Christian truth has forgotten its identity, that ecumenicism (in its broadest sense) *will* allow "dishonor to unfurl the banner of hell within our walls."

Stefan Possony, of the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace of Stanford University, spoke from the difficult position of asking that all morality and technology be "focused on preventing war." At the same time, "the world revolution must be stopped here and now." Prof. Possony sees Communism as "the whip of God" under which we will either "overhaul our state structure" so that the inner meaning of our civilization can be preserved, or else perish.

In the third session, LeBaron R. Foster, of the Opinion Research Corporation, who described himself as "a business philosopher," faced the Goldwater defeat as an irony of political propaganda. Senator Goldwater, he maintained, was not rejected because he was a conservative but because Liberals constructed an image of him as a man who acts without thinking. Polls—and he quoted a generous and convincing sampling—show that the people are basically conservative in their opinions, both Democrats and Republicans. The ground, therefore, is still solid under our feet; our task is clarification and persuasion.

Political Propaganda Abounds

Mr. Foster's colleague, Gerald J. Skibbins, shared his speaking time, and deplored the conservatives' commitment to a fundamentalist point of view. It was argued from the floor, afterward, that Mr. Skibbins seemed to be asking that we change radically, now, at an unstable and therefore propitious time, for the sake of change alone. The objections were lively and loud, and came from the South American Eliseo Vivas, who knows something of the futility of habitual revolutions; from Brent Bozell, who distrusts a hankering for novelty in governments; and from Frank Meyer, who insisted that we don't want to change our civilization so much as to save it from deterioration and from obliteration by an enemy.

Prof. Warren Nutter, chairman of the Department of Economics at the University of Virginia, made a plea for scholars to cease being impartial, and to speak their minds, in and out of class. The political propaganda of the reigning party is everywhere; therefore the opposition must be clear and sharp wherever it can. Campaign speeches are inadequate; persuasion must happen between elections. Prof. Nutter called for "a new *Federalist Papers,*" and for greater courage in speaking out by informed conservatives. "There are very few of us."

Richard Cornuelle, director of the Foundation for Voluntary Welfare, explained several programs now operating (*e.g.,* loans to college students) that demonstrate the efficiency of private business' handling of what is normally thought of as government welfare and financing.

Not 'Entertaining Minority'

The fourth and closing batch of talks was reserved for what the random observer of conservative thought might well consider the Brass: the philosopher Eliseo Vivas, the historian Russell Kirk, and George Stigler, Professor of American Institutions at the University of Chicago. All three chose to ask for an end to rallying around the flag as the primal conservative gesture. "In conservative philosophy," Prof. Vivas said, "we have everything to do." Furthermore, the phrase "conservative philosophy" is as silly as "Marxist biology." Philosophy is philosophy as truth is truth; there are no brand names. The spirit of partisanship must relent, so that we can break the Liberal monopoly on humanitarianism with original contributions of our own. And, he added, it is high time that we demonstrated their cynical use of humanitarianism; "their thought is instinct with a hatred of man." Russell Kirk elaborated this perception by noting that the war against poverty is motivated by embarrassment; the poor must be made to conform to the Liberals' tidy notion of a lockstep society. Prof. Stigler's sharpest point was that conservatives are no longer "an entertaining minority" and can be heard when they question the Establishment.

These closing talks and the response to them from the floor kept coming back to one theme that, for its clarity and urgency, identified itself as the measure of the sincerity of these men who were speaking not to hold power or to grasp power, but for the common good. This theme was that they feared ideologies and fanaticism, and that against the Liberal ideology, in which they see reflected the obsessions and iron dogma of socialist totalitarianism, they can proceed with reason alone. They themselves spoke in quiet English, not party jargon, and they spoke without incitement, guile, or slogans. There were no perorations, no cheerings up, no fire except that of persistent sincerity.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Destroying the Past by 'Development'

Few corners of the world are exempt from a raging destruction of historic and beautiful buildings. The principal cause of this devastation is greed: the avarice of "developers," contractors, architects, land speculators, political contactmen, faceless mercantile corporations, and their hangers-on.

Kirk

The great cities of America are fast losing whatever character and charm they still retain, before such pressures. Though the public is virtually voiceless and leaderless when some "developing" energumen decides he can make money by cutting vast swathes through an organic community, the agents of devastation are well organized, well financed (often by federal subsidies), reinforced by public-relations staffs, and possessed of strong political influence. They usually win, naturally.

Just now, the scheme for smashing the lower Manhattan expressway through the most interesting part of New York City is sufficient illustration. Its backers, and most of the politicians, defend their monstrosity by the argument that it would "create thousands of jobs." On such logic, we ought to pull down the whole of New York and build anew, since that undertaking would "create millions of jobs." What happens to whole communities, the evangels of bulldozer "progress" prefer to ignore. One prays that the public opposition, led by the redoubtable Mrs. Rosemary McGrath, may make Mayor Wagner think twice before he openly approves the malign folly.

San Francisco is confronted by the prospect of having a freeway (built to "standard specifications") thrust through Golden Gate Park! Temporarily, this madness has been blocked; but those who would profit by the contracts are persistent.

Everywhere I roam, similar forces are at their ugly work—a destruction often more shocking even than our American bulldozery, because other lands have more and finer things to destroy. The world may become one enormous sprawl of shoddy modernity. The Communist Chinese eradicate the wonderful ancient quarters of Peking, to build the collectivist "progressive" slums of the future; the Western democracies are almost as determined, apparently, to reject the beauty and the neighborliness of our civilized inheritance.

Stellenbosch, in the Cape, is South Africa's Williamsburg. Yet Stellenbosch's charming common, with its old churches, curious powder-magazine, and historic houses, is to be overshadowed by an incongruous fourteen-story monster. At one corner of this great square, an "O. K. Bazaar," a chain store, has intruded its vulgarity, occupying the site of the old stone mill. The civic authorities of Johannesburg have tried to pull down the old fort, built in the Boer War, but happily have been prevented by the Historic Monuments people.

Commercialized Vandalism

Readers of this page may recall my article, three years ago, called "Dreamthorp and Linlithgow." Since then, the town council of Britain's little ancient Linlithgow have been steadily at work, thoughtfully reducing that beautiful burgh to architectural boredom. The latest atrocity is a plan to demolish the Golden Cross Inn and the other buildings at the gates of the royal palace, since a "working party" of commercial developers wants a contract for a dismal modern row there. As Mr. Moultrie Kelsall, the author of *A Future for the Past,* writes in *The Scotsman*:

> The plain fact of the matter is that these buildings are to be destroyed, not because there is any serious difficulty about saving them, but because some of the people concerned have a strong interest in removing them, and nobody else is apparently prepared to put the very strong case for retaining them. In other words, the dice have been loaded against the old buildings from the start.

York—which has probably more of its medieval character remaining than has any other English city, and where the Civic Trust fights hard to retain civic beauty and historic buildings—now is menaced by really incredible proposals for commercialized vandalism. Dr. Patrick Nuttgens, head of the Institute of Advance Architectural Studies at the University of York, recently resigned from the panel of architects advising York Corporation, "in growing frustration and despair at the callous disregard for the visible history of this city."

In Sweden, nearly all of the seventeenth-century city of Stockholm, on its islands, is being torn down in the craze for novelty and the thirst for profits. In Spain, laws meant to protect the Spanish architectural heritage are administered, too often, by local functionaries whose pockets can be lined. Only France—where hundreds of cities and towns are controlled under a program of preservation—labors diligently to keep the glory of the past.

Few people are more reluctant than this writer to interfere with private property and free enterprise. Yet no man, and no corporation, has a vested right to make a town and a country ugly and monotonous, or to annihilate the past for immediate profit. The time has come when governmental powers must be employed to save what remains for us of our visible heritage.

Everyone with any affection for the continuity of culture, or with any concern for posterity, ought to work for local ordinances, state legislation, and—where appropriate—federal regulations to check this lucrative onslaught against good architecture, true community, and the memorials of a nation's development. The Romans, according to Tacitus, created a wilderness, and called it peace; we moderns, decreeing flashy commercialism, call that wilderness "renewal" and "progress."

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Home Is Where the Heart Is

ROBERT E. BAUMAN

William S. White, syndicated columnist and author, is a good journalist and a friend of many of the nation's notables. He is also the victim of the journalistic equivalent of the academic community's "publish or perish" rule. In this, his fifth book, White attempts to tell "the story of the House of Representatives." As one who came to the House as a page at the tender age of fifteen, I can say that the place White calls "Home Place" is no place like the home I have known for the past twelve years. Nor is his book the place for those who want to learn the "story" of the U.S. House of Representatives.

White's coverage of the technical details of House operations makes one wonder about his research. An example is the treatment of the importance of the Democratic membership on the Ways and Means Committee, which also acts as a "committee on committees" dealing out committee assignments for House Democrats. This group's power is considerable, but its Republican counterpart is an actual "Committee on Committees" called by that name and composed of one member from each state, a much more broadly based arrangement. White says: "The distinction is not, however, great in practice, for in the natural order of things *some* of the senior Republicans will in any event also be members of Ways and Means, and all of them will be under the influence of Ways and Means." It may seem trivial, but the fact is that the Republican Committee on Committees bears no relationship to Ways and Means and its members are purely the choice of each state delegation.

Home Place, by William S. White. Houghton Mifflin, $4.00

His discussion of the Rules Committee and its powers is out of date, but this time the fault is not his, since changes were made in House rules early in the present 89th Congress. Incidentally, for his information, the walls of the long-time office of the Speaker of the House (Room H-232) are not "paneled with mahogany."

There is an explanation for Mr. White's lapses. He is in love with the Senate and tells us so at every turn. Like the average Congressman he characterizes, White also looks "always in unacknowledged envy, at that Other Body down the long marble corridor." He says of the Senate, "It can often out-argue the House; it can always out-think the House," and he candidly calls himself "one who was and frankly remains more devoted on the whole to the Senate as the better legislative body by and large."

The House of Representatives, composed as it is of 435 diverse individuals from every part of the Union, is not, of course, the dramatic stage the Senate is. Individual members of the House may rise to heights, but they are not so much in the public eye nor do they have the senators' chance for theatrics. For Mr. White, the "greats" are those who have made the grade, and with them, be they Liberal or conservative, he is comfortable and at home.

The importance of the U.S. House of Representatives is real and apparent. It functions as a constitutional counterweight and is one of the last remaining checks on Executive power in Washington. With the passage of the Seventeenth Amendment and direct election of senators, the Senate began the process of abdication which eventually was to undermine its independence and its place in the federal scheme of checks and balances. The House has remained as the body closest to the people and attuned to their wishes by biennial elections.

Again and again it was the House which supported Eisenhower vetoes of the bills called "budget busters" by Charles Halleck of Indiana. Again and again it was the House which turned down the socialist planks of Medicare, Federal Aid to Education, Area Redevelopment, public power, and a host of other goodies which the Senate "club" allowed to ooze through its chamber. It was in the House that the Landrum-Griffin labor reform bill was born. The House Appropriations Committee, whether under Republican or Democratic control, has wielded its axe on Executive budgets and staunchly resisted challenge to its power of originating all money bills. For these very reasons radicals of both parties, in and out of the House, have issued anguished cries for "reforms," which would in effect reduce the House to another arm of the Executive.

Home Place does recognize this aspect of the House. White defends the powers of the Rules Committee as necessary and proper and makes the point which the Liberals always choose to ignore: whenever a determined majority wants a bill enough, it can and will be passed by the House. He finds the seniority system acceptable and even desirable. And he challenges the Liberal orthodoxy with a spirited attack on James MacGregor Burns' *Deadlock of Democracy*.

WHITE IS A MAN whose tendencies are conservative, but whose conclusions often are not. He has not one bit of use for "that good-for-nothing 80th Congress," as Harry Truman called the Republican Congress of 1947-49. He castigates the 80th for "shouting through . . . uncomprehended measures designed not merely to embarrass but actually to cripple an American government." This, to describe the Congress which passed

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the Taft-Hartley Act, balanced the budget for the first time in fourteen years, removed all sorts of wage and price controls, paid on the national debt, cracked down on subversives, and reduced taxes. But then White doesn't like shouting in any form, for that would never be done in "the Club."

With the Johnson landslide, the House has now taken on an overwhelming Liberal complexion. Yet even with a margin of 294 to 140, the LBJ-approved reform of the Rules, giving the Speaker virtual czar-like powers, passed only with the help of maverick Liberal Republicans. There is still hope that the House may continue as the constitutional check it was designed to be.

If anything proves the sorrowful decline of a House which could produce men like Polk, Clay, Webster, Blaine, Adams, Lincoln and Longworth, it is the cavalier treatment accorded it by such a good and true man as William S. White. The words of the late Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn might best describe *Home Place*. Some years ago, in a Capitol corridor, shortly after White had published his excellent *Citadel: The Story of the U.S. Senate*, he happened upon Speaker Sam who had just read the book. Growled Mr. Sam: "What the hell are *you* doing over on this side of the Capitol?" What indeed?

Fiction

Trivia as Trivia

GUY DAVENPORT

GERMAN HUMOR, like French modesty and the Eskimo cuisine, is one of those perplexities so resistant to understanding that our anguish when we encounter it is more like suffering than mere dumbfoundment. The blindest worshipper of Mozart is stopped cold by the jokes in his letters; about half of Wilhelm Busch is understandable. One has a paralyzing suspicion that Goethe meant, from time to time, to be funny; Immanuel Kant used to roar over a cartoon depicting a boy pulling a brick by a string ("*Ach!* A dog you expected, *nein?*"), and Hitler used to break up his *Generalstabversammlungen* with his little pleasantry about the Parisian flower-seller who, on seeing him emerge early one morning from his Mercedes Benz to admire the Opéra, threw her bouquets into the air and screamed, "*Merde alors, c'est le diable!*" So when Heinrich Böll is said to be a great German comic novelist and we sit down to inspect his work, our eyes glaze over and our feet ache, but humor, savage (as the publishers claim) or other, never arrives, even with string and brick.

The Clown is about an impersonator who has taken to drink and gone to seed. He returns in despair to his home town and calls up everybody he knows, to discover, as he suspected, that each is wrapped up in his own selfishness and couldn't care less whether he slits his throat. End of novel. The clown's special grievance is that his lady love has married another. Among his other sorrows are the foolishness of his mother, the wealth of his father, and the theological studies of his brother.

Beneath the maudlin particulars is, one gathers, the ultimate sorrow of Germany's defeat. The imagination can contain anything, even a drunken clown weeping in self pity over the absurdity of humanity, but a subject less fitting to the Teutonic stare of Herr Böll does not come to mind. He explains his subject to death, punching us in the ribs, and flogging his meaning until we are ready to cry, "We see! God forgive us for thinking otherwise." The Greeks made epigrams that stung like wasps; the French treat satire as if it were as light, fragile, and memorable as a soufflé. Even the English and Americans know that grumbling must have something generous and broad about it. But the Germans—their humor is for Germans, and that's that. It's only fair to add, for readers so inclined, that Herr Böll's novel has an obvious philosophical dimension that has all the charm of John Calvin offering an opinion on the innate goodness of mankind.

ROMAIN GARY HAS WRITTEN in *The Ski Bum* an adult comic book in the manner of Ian Fleming. His formula lies somewhere between *Rififi* and *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*. Take one American ski instructor with the Hemingwegian *frisson* before cleanliness (snow is clean, man; people stink), speed, and the mindlessness of neatly executed action. Give him the beatnik's love of chaos and disdain for civilization, but make certain that he just happens to look like Apollo, God of Light, in dirty ski togs. Supply one American girl, a real doll, who is willing to end her crush on Daddy (diplomatic corps, handsome, delightfully irresponsible, greying at the temples) to adore Apollo Far Darter on Skis. Set all this in Geneva. Surround with cafés, expatriates, passionate young Liberals (contemplate a Pacifist who "went to jail regularly for breaking the windows of the Soviet and American embassies as a protest against Swiss neutrality"). Bring on smugglers, counter-spies, sport cars, machine guns, and lots of tastefully described fornication.

Bang! Zoom! Rat-tat-tat! M. Gary has thrown all this together with tongue in cheek, a great whoop of triumph, and a firm sense that he has judged his audience just right, and served them up exactly what they want for exactly one season, after which he will, one hopes, return to the serious writing of which he is capable. And many a heart will thrill to all this tushery, and sophomore will pass it to sophomore; hair-dryer and tumbling wash will go through their offices while these pages disclose the lethal, sexy glamor of lives that no one has ever lived.

What Mr. Stuart Cloete's book is, one wonders. There is a plot of sorts, though this series of observations is scarcely a novel. Jean Macaque,

---

The Clown, by Heinrich Böll. McGraw-Hill, $5.00

The Ski Bum, by Romain Gary. Harper & Row, $4.95

The Thousand and One Nights of Jean Macaque, by Stuart Cloete. Trident Press, $4.95

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whose memoirs we are said to be reading, is a man under the impression that he likes, knows, and pleases women. Apparently Mr. Cloete believes him; he invented him, after all, and holds him up for our admiration. One might as well say that a hunter likes, knows, and pleases lions. To have so hallucinated a view of one's prey—the women discussed are prostitutes—is to throw any rational criticism wholly into disavowing the author's base assumptions.

Or does Mr. Cloete think we do not see that his Jean Macaque hates women? Just because man, like the ape and certain monkeys, has no oestrous cycle and is inclined to breed at will, and because a few women sell the use of their bodies, Mr. Cloete, celebrating the conjunction of these dispositions, crows. He has, with some relish, tried to write a book in the spirit of the vulgar and obscene freemasonry of barbershop braggarts, Neapolitans, and fraternity brothers who need to believe that love can be counterfeited with a commercial transaction. Don Juan at least had to seduce, and eventually saw the absurdity of his conquests. Not since Henry Miller has a misogynist tried so hard to convince himself that his aggressive insulting of women ought to be seen as enviable manliness.

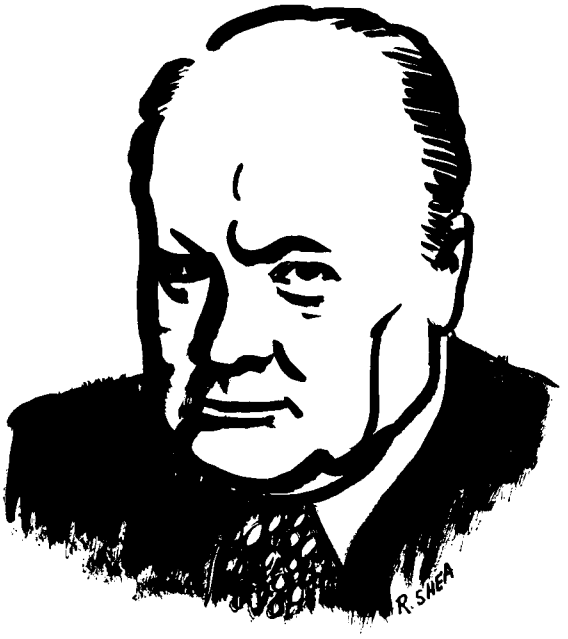
Men and Manners

A Personal Memoir of Churchill

SIR SHANE LESLIE

AFTER THE SPATE of world eulogy, it will soon be fair if the historians and moralists refer to the bitter criticism, amounting to envious hatred, which followed Winston Churchill privately and publicly until the Second World War. The curious thing was the courageous indifference with which he treated what would have downed a lesser man. In those days, when every London hostess and Tory politician, not to say every blackballing club, turned their hands against Winston, he had few champions save his mother and mine. As sisters they upheld each other's progeny. My mother alone of that generation lived to see Winston fulfill their prophecy that he would become Prime Minister.

May I reminisce, as the only survivor of his youthful days? The Churchill boys were nursed and governed by the beloved Mrs. Everest, from whom I remember receiving a much-needed hot bath after following Winston into a muddy bird-nesting expedition in the country near Newmarket. Normally Winston and Jack lived at 2 Connaught Place (now marked with a London County Council plaque). Their younger cousins only sought to have an occasional peep at Winston's army of toy soldiers and a loan of his candle-lit home-made theater or an old boat. (One of the plays engineered by Winston had a program printed, of which he signed every copy in full; this sheaf proved very useful long after when war charities demanded autographs for sale from my mother's once plentiful supply.) We younger ones were not allowed to accompany Winston to the London Aquarium to see boxing kangaroos or human freaks. Even the Boneless Wonder was forbidden by Mrs. Everest, but the name of this forgotten exhibit has passed into political history, since Winston used it to describe Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald.



Winston Churchill: ". . . let himself be pushed into the river Thames and swam about in a tophat with much composure."

Though in many ways Winston was self-taught, he had learnt rudiments from three excellent Harrow masters: Somervell (English Literature), Mayo (history), Moriarty (mathematics), whose names can be always gratefully remembered by historians, as they were by their most famous pupil. The Headmaster Welldon never allowed him to be superannuated and consoled his parents by saying that he himself expected to be remembered as Winston's Headmaster. Ball games at Public Schools were the hallmark of success. The Churchills and their cousins achieved no success at cricket or football. Later Winston made his mark at polo when playing for his regiment in India. Another game in which he excelled was billiard-fives, which was played violently at my uncle Murray Guthrie's home in the Isle of Mull. Here Winston joined in, cracking his fingers and breaking windows in the line of fire.

My mother and Winston's kept house at times in Paris in a top flat in the Avenue Kléber. We were allowed to see all we wanted of the Eiffel Tower but not a glimpse of the Morgue, which was then a delightful peep-show for visitors. As for French soldiers then costumed in red and blue, they were the hereditary enemies of England and we watched them certain we should have to fight them one day! There were romantic happenings which we were not too young to learn about. Aunt Jennie came back from the PLM railway station after witnessing a scene of criminal jealousy when one Frenchman shot another dead. We were sorry to have missed it. More exciting was the adventure of Mrs. Deacon of Deacon's Bank. She was a beautiful American

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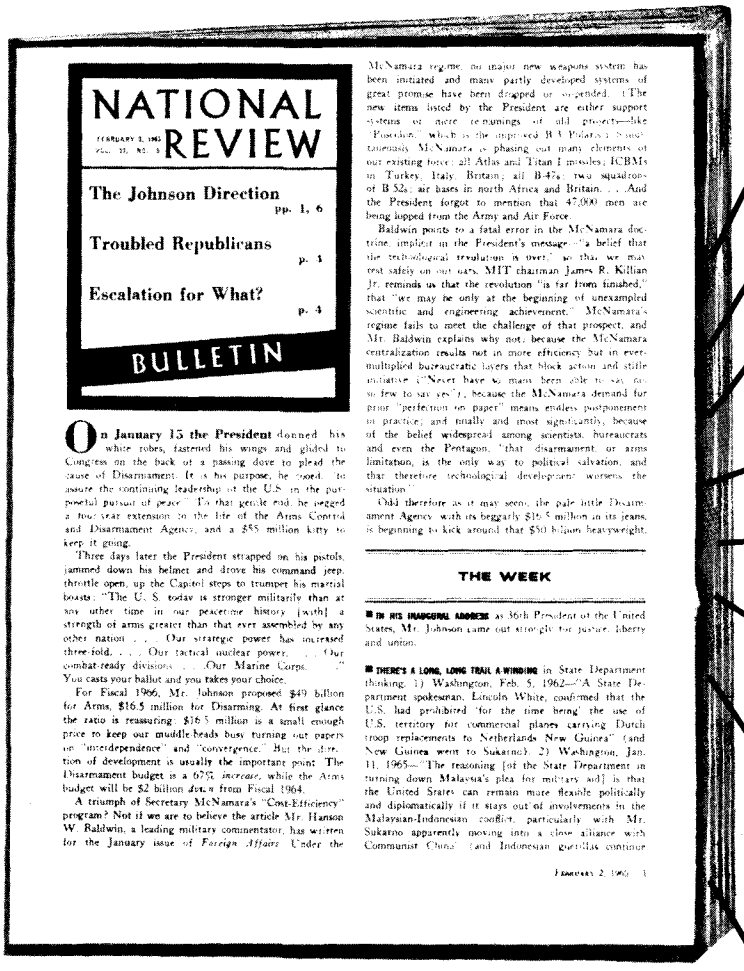

NATIONAL REVIEW

The Johnson Direction pp. 1, 6

Troubled Republicans p. 3

Escalation for What? p. 4

BULLETIN

On January 15 the President donned his white robes, fastened his wings and glided to Congress on the back of a passing dove to plead the cause of Disarmament. It is his purpose, he stood, to assure the continuing leadership of the U.S. in the purposeful pursuit of peace. To that gentle end, he begged a four-year extension to the life of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and a $55 million kitty to keep it going.

Three days later the President strapped on his pistols, jammed down his helmet and drove his command jeep, throttle open, up the Capitol steps to trumpet his martial boasts: "The U. S. today is stronger militarily than at any other time in our peacetime history [with] a strength of arms greater than that ever assembled by any other nation . . . Our strategic power has increased three-fold. . . . Our tactical nuclear power. . . . Our combat-ready divisions . . . Our Marine Corps. . . ." You casts your ballot and you takes your choice.

For Fiscal 1966, Mr. Johnson proposed $49 billion for Arms, $16.5 million for Disarming. At first glance the ratio is reassuring: $16.5 million is a small enough price to keep our muddle-heads busy turning out papers on "interdependence" and "convergence." But the direction of development is usually the important point. The Disarmament budget is a 67% *increase,* while the Arms budget will be $2 billion *down* from Fiscal 1964.

A triumph of Secretary McNamara's "Cost-Efficiency" program? Not if we are to believe the article Mr. Hanson W. Baldwin, a leading military commentator, has written for the January issue of *Foreign Affairs.* Under the McNamara regime, no major new weapons system has been initiated and many partly developed systems of great promise have been dropped or suspended. (The new items listed by the President are either support systems or mere renamings of old projects—like "Poseidon," which is the improved A-3 Polaris.) Simultaneously, McNamara is phasing out many elements of our existing force: all Atlas and Titan I missiles; ICBMs in Turkey, Italy, Britain; all B-47s; two squadrons of B-52s; air bases in north Africa and Britain. . . . And the President forgot to mention that 47,000 men are being lopped from the Army and Air Force.

Baldwin points to a fatal error in the McNamara doctrine, implicit in the President's message—"a belief that the technological revolution is over," so that we may rest safely on our oars. MIT chairman James R. Killian Jr. reminds us that the revolution "is far from finished," that "we may be only at the beginning of unexampled scientific and engineering achievement." McNamara's regime fails to meet the challenge of that prospect, and Mr. Baldwin explains why not: because the McNamara centralization results not in more efficiency but in ever-multiplied bureaucratic layers that block action and stifle initiative ("Never have so many been able to say no so few to say yes"), because the McNamara demand for prior "perfection on paper" means endless postponement in practice; and finally and most significantly, because of the belief widespread among scientists, bureaucrats and even the Pentagon, "that disarmament or arms limitation, is the only way to political salvation, and that therefore technological development worsens the situation."

Odd therefore as it may seem, the pale little Disarmament Agency with its beggarly $16.5 million in its jeans, is beginning to kick around that $50 billion heavyweight.

THE WEEK

■ IN HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS as 36th President of the United States, Mr. Johnson came out strongly for justice, liberty and union.

■ THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL A-WINDING in State Department thinking. 1) Washington, Feb. 5, 1962—"A State Department spokesman, Lincoln White, confirmed that the U.S. had prohibited 'for the time being' the use of U.S. territory for commercial planes carrying Dutch troop replacements to Netherlands New Guinea" (and New Guinea went to Sukarno). 2) Washington, Jan. 11, 1965—"The reasoning [of the State Department in turning down Malaysia's plea for military aid] is that the United States can remain more flexible politically and diplomatically if it stays out of involvements in the Malaysian-Indonesian conflict, particularly with Mr. Sukarno apparently moving into a close alliance with Communist China [and Indonesian guerrilla continue

January 2, 1965 3

1. THE WEEK:

A compact listing of the week's most significant news items—many "overlooked" in the nation's press;

2. ON THE LEFT:

A regular report on what the Left is up to, including private reports from authoritative sources here and abroad;

3. CAPITAL BULLETIN:

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6. AT HOME:

A regular column by M. Stanton Evans, brilliant young editor of the Indianapolis *News,* who is fast becoming one of the nation's most perceptive political analysts. Time after time, he'll surprise you with his in-depth reporting of the most controversial issues;

7. ABROAD:

This unique survey of the foreign scene is compiled from the most important overseas publications plus confidential reports from on-the-spot observers in key trouble spots the world over. You'll especially enjoy its panoramic view, and the concentration on important happenings that go unreported here.

8. BUSINESS:

Not a stock-market "dopesheet," but a comprehensive and fascinating column of significant business and financial news that will interest the layman as well as the expert. Editor Donald Waterford specializes in analyzing business trends that will have widespread effects throughout the economy. (For example, his recent report showing that automation is causing many businesses to lower the retirement age was widely quoted in the press.)

IMPORTANT

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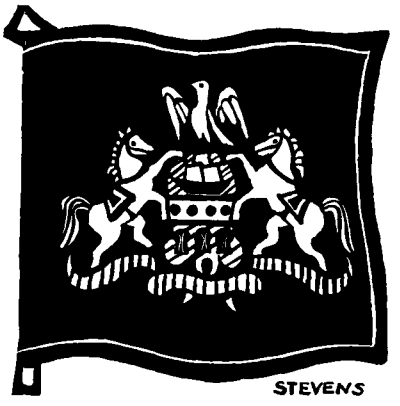
friend of the family, but during her husband's absence entertained a French lover who had to be bestowed under Mrs. Deacon's bed. The high-minded Mr. Deacon shot him there and escaped the jury. When the Dreyfus affair arrived in the mid-nineties we all left Paris.

Mrs. Everest died while Winston was at Sandhurst, mourned by Jack and Winston, to both of whom she had been a true mother. The Miss Jeromes never entered into the British family life but left their children to remarkable Nannies. Mrs. Everest has been given her meed by the historians, but mention should be awarded to the family butler—Walden. Strong and faithful, he valeted Winston, whose dress was often almost ragged, until he reached the period of uniforms. Walden was equal to every social occasion with the Churchill family, even to climbing trees when accompanying Lord Randolph's lion-hunting in Africa. He served impassively without comment whether helping the Prince of Wales into his coat or holding Lord Randolph from going overboard during his last nightmare of a world journey. He was entrusted with Randolph's travelling clothes, including a lead shroud to bring him home if he died in the tropics. I do not think the Churchill home could have continued without him in Jennie's house in Great Cumberland Place. Walden had some trouble before the end and, since I was reading Theology at the time, I was called in to administer the sacrament of the Blue Ribbon Pledge to him. I can only say I felt all the time that he was the better man.

In 1900 Winston appeared at Eton on his way to lecture about the Boer War at St. Mark's School in Windsor, and his Eton cousins accompanied him. I remember being entrusted with the magic lantern slides which I promptly dropped. As we four boys (Leslies and Frewens) drove with him in an old horse-cab up the Curfew Hill, I looked out and reported a huge poster with Winston's name in capitals. Winston had never seen himself thus displayed and shouted out: Fame! Fame! We all drove on shouting like mad to the crowd: Fame! Fame!

Winston reached the House of Commons young and went to live in a flat at 105 Mount Street where I used to visit him. When we cousins were in moral troubles at Eton we always consulted him and received most valuable advice though not exactly what would be given by a clergyman. Winston's first speech in the House, heard sympathetically by Chamberlain and Balfour, was a real success. He closed it with a reference to his father as "a certain splendid memory," which words *Punch* reproduced with an interesting caricature by E. T. Reed; it pleased Winston greatly.

His second speech was not so lucky, for he broke down after a memory blackout. Speaker Lowther later told me his breakdown occurred amid a climax of laughter at his speech difficulty with the letter "s" (an impediment he slowly overcame). Mr. Balfour was extremely kind to him on this occasion, but Winston was dismayed by the loss of memory in a speech. I visited him the next day in Mount Street and we discussed



the Pelman system of memorizing, which I was then employing to learn dates in Greek History and Philosophy at Cambridge. Winston had a curious contempt for Greek and all that was written therein, but he asked me to draw up a scheme based on the Pelmanism in which I had invested thirty shillings. As a matter of fact he already had a fine memory.

A speech I shall never forget was on a day when Winston took me off to the House to see how things were done—what he called "making the wheels go round." Having posted me in the gallery, he broke as soon as he could into some debate, made some very cheeky remarks, and with his eye turned toward me sat down amid signs of annoyance from those around him. I learnt from Willie Grenfell, MP, that he had taken to speaking at all times and that they were already tired of hearing him. Grenfell was a grand Harrovian, and in later days Winston came to a rag water-party at Taplow, where the Grenfells loved to welcome him. On this occasion he let himself be pushed into the river Thames and swam about in a tophat with much composure.

English politics in those days were excommunicatory, and Winston was made to suffer all that was possible by the rancour of the Conservatives when he left them for the Liberals. How readily would Gladstone have welcomed him, but Gladstone was dead. Winston gave greatest umbrage when he adopted Gladstone's Home Rule in support of Asquith. It was impossible to describe the ferocity which this provoked in Ulster. His relative, the old Marchioness of Londonderry, described to my mother her wish that Winston and myself, who had humbly followed him and stood at the 1909 and 1910 General Elections, should be immersed and slowly boiled in oil.

No Englishman acted more courageously for the cause of Ireland at those times than Winston. He was allowed to go over to speak to Belfast in her fury because Asquith and Lloyd George were naturally afraid of doing so. He was refused the Town Hall and spoke in a huge tent in pouring rain, while the honest Orangemen made a fair attempt to push his car into the river. He probably owed his life to his wife who had the courage to accompany him. There were cries of "Don't drown the woman!"

I was always sorry that my father (who was one of Carson's lieutenants) would not allow Winston to come and rest at our family home Glaslough. But families were bitterly divided in those days. When Winston offered to bring Lloyd George to lunch in our London house, my father announced that if he came he would bring an action for divorce. So my mother missed entertaining two future Prime Ministers.

Winston had to fight and lose and fight again, seat by seat—Oldham, Manchester, Dundee, Westminster. When he lost his Manchester seat, the gentlemanly Stock Exchange telegraphed: "What is the use of a W.C. without a seat?" This he received with boisterous contempt, and many worse insults he hardly seemed to mind I shall not relate.

Even old Edward VII could be rude, and it was with some satisfac-

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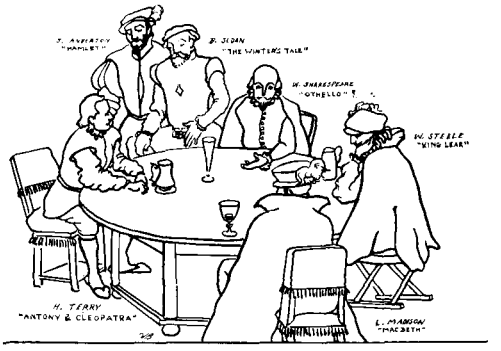
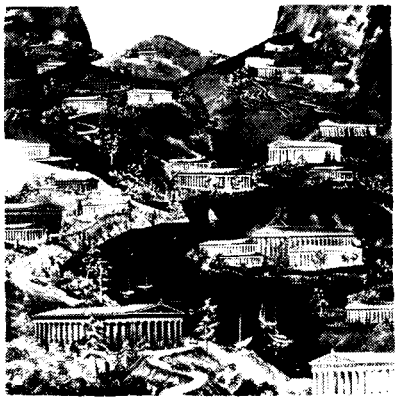
You Can Never Understand Art Until You Face These Three Truths

1 It's the accident of what men possessing what talents arrive on earth in what quantities and at what times that usually decides which art works are considered "great," and not the qualities in the art works themselves. A sudden surge of "Type A" men, all possessing a special skill in creating (or in understanding) Type A art, will soon reduce that type of art to mediocrity no matter how superior it had previously been considered.



2 Imagine that Shakespeare's plays had been written by a number of men (as suggested above) instead of by only one. All the plays' "eternally great qualities" would still be there, would they not? And yet, simply because your estimate of *how difficult it was to create them* had been reduced, your estimate of their greatness would be proportionately reduced. What's difficult to do today may be easy tomorrow.



3 Too many Parthenons. As soon as you admit that an art work can continue being "immortal" only if *certain things don't happen* (such as its being on top of hills everywhere) you are admitting, in effect, that it is not really immortal at all. What counts is its speed of tiring, and how much tiring pressure will be brought against it.

"Art Is Too Important To Kid Yourself About"

IT ISN'T IMMORTAL, no matter how insistently old-fashioned critics go on telling you it is. Too many unexpected things can happen in this world to justify positive verdicts such as those quoted below (all by famous critics, names on request). However the mere wrongness of the verdicts (though bad enough) is not what does the most harm. Much worse is the fact that they confuse and frustrate those great masses of the people, who, on finding that they are totally unable to respond in the way they inevitably "should," conclude that there is something artistically lacking in themselves, and that they are therefore permanently excluded from art. Don't let yourself be bluffed that way. There's no one best road to take. Men come in an infinite variety of temperaments; and they move ahead by outgrowing art, at higher and higher levels (and the sooner the better) not by stagnating inside it.

This does not mean that you deny that experts may know more about art than you do. It means that you deny them the right to use that knowledge to brainwash you instead of to instruct you.

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An art work's inherent qualities (its rhythm, unity, harmony, etc.) can provide little more than vague *clues* as to its present and future "beauty." Much more important are how much reiteration it can stand up against and will probably get; the likelihood of changes in its difficulty of doing; how far ahead it is of the public's comprehension and how long it will be before the public catches up, etc., etc. Conjecturism takes into account these outside factors (instead of ignoring them, as orthodox critics do) and then makes the best conjectures it can, *under the circumstances* — much as the meteorologist does in forecasting the weather. It sees art as a segment of life, subject to the same pressures as any other segment — and not as something shut off in a glass case, so to speak. It's realistic, tough-minded, forward-looking — rather than sentimental, voodooish and tied-down — and it's as different from present methods as a physician is from a medicine-man.

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"No words that man can any more set side by side can ever affect the mind again like some of the great passages of Homer."

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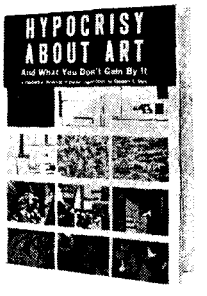

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"Shaw has taken off the lid and exposed the aesthetic and critical overalls in the stew of beauty. Painter, art gallery director, and aesthetician for many years, Shaw has shown many opinions and their underlying presuppositions to lie in a Limpopo greasiness. At the heart of Shaw's theory of aesthetic judgment is his Theory of Boredom. Here he gives us a positive boost in 'Estimating Speeds of Tiring.' His chapter entitled 'The Metropolitan Museum Lays an Egg' is far too delicious to miss. This was a long overdue cleaning of the fat, self-congratulatory, aesthetic stables." Prof. Dale Riepe, C. W. Post College, in Philosophy & Phenom. Research.

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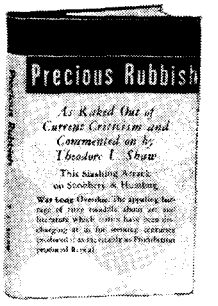
"Seems to me to be a much-needed call to arms. Our regnant school of criticism is not merely misled but downright dishonest, in my opinion." — Rev. Louis F. Doyle, S.J., St. Louis Univ.

"I loved it — gave three critics one copy each — they loved it. Lost is he who hath no humor." — Dr. Wm. K. Keller, Prof. of Psychiatry, Univ. of Louisville.



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tion that Winston as Home Secretary informed the Lord Mayor of the royal death and ordered the great bell of St. Paul's to be tolled. King Edward, hearing that Winston had a daughter, had inquired jestingly if she was born a suffragette? There was a real clash after Winston made his first Ministerial speech, an attack on Lord Milner. I found a royal letter from the Duke of Connaught to my mother, delivering a most furious and embittered message from the King which he wished to be passed on. I do not think Edward VII and Winston were ever on affable terms again. But for Edward VIII Winston proved charitable and chivalrous to the extent of taking his side during the abdication. Of Lord Randolph's resignation he used to say sadly "never resign," and his real advice to the young King was "never abdicate," until the King gave up and could only ask his help preparing his broadcast to a rather unromantic nation.

While I watched Winston's body carried into St. Paul's Cathedral and surrounded by two Queens of England and the representatives of a hundred nations, I remembered the days when he drilled his young cousins in a muddy earthwork they had constructed in the Cambridge countryside seventy-three years ago. We were his entire army in those distant days.

Movies in Brief

RICHARD M. HODGENS

Séance on a Wet Afternoon. Unfashionably, there is a plot, but it is fashionably bizarre, and the center of consciousness is mad: a medium (Kim Stanley) and her husband (Richard Attenborough) kidnap a child so that in good time she can reveal her remarkable powers to a grateful world, according to suggestions made by their own child, who was born dead. You can always take one mad character, and the medium was brought up that way, but her husband's complicity is less easily explained and barely acceptable. Apart from that, Bryan Forbes' adaptation is fairly successful. His direction occasionally calls attention to itself, but his cast carries it through. Miss Stanley's nagging sort of niceness seems perfect, much more chilling than the ferocity one might have expected would have been. Her last séance is too neatly contrived, but a great success anyway.

Baby, the Rain Must Fall. Texan Gothic, Europeanized. A young lady (Lee Remick) and her daughter (a dreadful actress) arrive at one of those picturesque, hardly-inhabited towns to join the man of the family (Steve McQueen), who is out on parole. He wants to go on with his string band and his song-writing. There seems to be no reason why he shouldn't. His music is by Elmer Bernstein, and everyone has heard worse. Unfortunately, the wicked spinster who brought him up so badly will not have it. Come to think of it, performing does bring out the worst in him. He has a tendency to stab rude audiences. Anyway, he's a loser, as the ads say; everybody's a loser. Horton Foote's script is vague at best, and Robert Mulligan's direction is expressionistically lugubrious, as the camera grinds away at significant objects, dreary landscapes and sad, hopeful faces.

Love on a Pillow (Warrior's Rest). Roger Vadim's reputation is not entirely undeserved, but actually his films tend to be more decorative than erotic; Brigitte Bardot, or whoever, can inspire him to an extraordinary elegance approaching von Sternberg's achievements when Dietrich was his star. Like those unforgettable films, Vadim's tend to be romantic abstractions. Here we have Miss Bardot as a nice sort of girl who accidentally foils a stranger's (Robert Hossein's) suicide and then, inevitably, attempts a thorough rehabilitation. Rather tediously, she discovers that love can have something to do with sex; eventually, he discovers the converse, proposes, and is saved. Throughout, Vadim's sets and staging are almost invariably stunning. The major difficulty, of course, is that the charac-

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Theater

Tiny Albee

The critics are cranky with *Tiny Alice.*
One says it's a piece of sectarian malice.
Another reacts like a go-between
To interpret a nascent St. Augustine!
My friends, having conned Messrs. Taubman and Watts;
Having worried with Kerr over who's got the hots—
From *Virginia Woolf* back to *Bessie Smith:*
I think what we're grappling with is a myth.
It's a *myth* to assume an occasional hit
Means a fellow's equipped like a Jesuit.
My opinion's the play is a palpable pose . . .
And that Albee is wearing "the emperor's clothes."

W. H. VON DREELE

ters tend to recede into the décor, and their emotional outbursts look like accidents. But then, there are no more than two such emotional outbursts in the film.

Red Desert. Michelangelo Antonioni's latest woozy "masterpiece," all very symptomatic of the age we live in. A plain, wan "neurotic" (Monica Vitti) staggers through foggy industrial areas, from one futile, uncommunicative encounter to another. After her little boy feigns paralysis —little symptom that he is—she has a desperate affair, but it does not help her communicate. Finally, most poignantly, she pours out her heart to a stranger, but he does not understand Italian. As for Antonioni's celebrated style, it remains ideal for travelogue; no director so persistently shows us so much of what we neither expected nor wanted to see; and he probably has set a record for film exposed at the back of the star's head. *Red Desert* is Antonioni's first film in color. Antonioni's idea of color is, of course, very pale. To be sure, one may read a great deal into the film. Indeed, one had better. There is, for example, no Red Desert, except in someone's mind. But even the Marxist sentimentality seems superficial, so that the film is not very interesting symptomatically, either. All you can do is look at the factories and freighters, when the fog lifts; it's too bad that that is not quite all Antonioni did.

The Pumpkin Eater. After all those films about ever more deplorable compulsions, this one about a woman (Anne Bancroft) who keeps having babies can hardly help seeming rather comical. There is enough peculiarly malicious humor in Harold Pinter's adaptation to suggest that he did not take his work very seriously, but everyone else obviously did, and the anguish is very intense, as her third husband persuades her to stop having babies for good, and she discovers that he has been compulsively unfaithful. The ending, however, is oddly happy. Pinter's script is inexplicable, indirect, episodic and endless, and his dialogue is cryptic and reiterative. Jack Clayton's direction sustains this burden well enough, though his stylistics occasionally get the better of him, as in any number of close-ups and in the unhappy couple's big brawl.

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg. Charming, but the charm wears thin before writer-director Jacques Demy has glided his way through Parts I (Parting: soldier leaves shop-girl pregnant), II (Absence: she marries someone else) and III (Return: he marries someone else, too), with every line scored by Michel Legrand. In the beginning, a mechanic says—or

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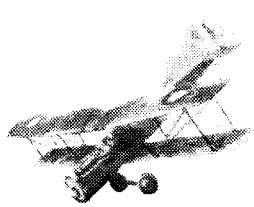

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sings, rather, that he prefers cinema to opera because all that singing gives him a headache. Legrand's music will not give anyone a headache, but it may put you to sleep. Moreover, everything takes such a long time when every line is sung; it is a great relief when the postman drops by again and does not sing "Bonjour," but only leaves the mail. It is all in exquisite taste; there is no "bad," or even loud, music to liven things up, and no vulgarity whatever, unless you consider loud colors vulgar; and all that can save the film from its own preciosity is Demy's good-natured, curiously balanced sense of life.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE GOLDWATER CAPER, by Richard H. Rovere (Harcourt, $3.95). The *New Yorker's* trademark, annually reproduced on its cover, is "Eustace Tilley," a Regency dandy peering through a magnifying glass at a butterfly. As the *New Yorker's* resident Eustace Tilley in Washington, Mr. Rovere bestows this dainty sort of attention on the nation's political affairs, inditing his dispatches in a precise and elegant prose. In the present volume he has thrown together several of his columns, the aborted foetus of a book, and a couple of free-lance articles, all having more or less to do with Senator Goldwater and the 1964 campaign. Fortunately he has dated these offerings, and we are thus able to study, in their chronological order, successive stages in the emotional development of Mr. Rovere. We find him serenely assured in November 1963 ("My own present feeling is that the prospect for Goldwater's elimination [as a candidate for the nomination] is better than the prospect for his taking himself in hand"); positively purring with pleasure after Lodge's New Hampshire victory in March 1964 ("there is absolutely no reason for Lodge not to stand mute in Saigon until all the debaters have exhausted themselves and their audiences, and the tiresome primaries are over"); shaken to the very core of his Liberal being by Goldwater's astonishing nomination in July ("Had Ambassador Lodge not thought that someone was bound to eliminate Goldwater, he would

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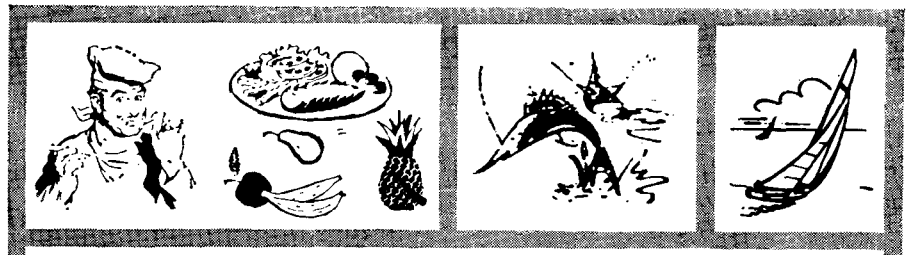
have left South Vietnam long before he did"); acidly explaining the issues at stake to readers of London's *Encounter* in August ("[The campaign] will, it now seems, be a referendum on bigotry"); snarling at the Republicans in September ("not even Miller has accused anyone of treason. Pay dirt, it would seem, is being overlooked"); fawning over Johnson in October ("Human hands have seldom taken as much punishment as his have taken in recent weeks"); and serene again when it was all over ("I offer this book as a souvenir of a toothache"). As a dentist would say, now you can spit.

W. A. RUSHER

FIRST JOURNEY, by Winston S. Churchill (Random House, $4.95). Here is a breezy backward look over young Churchill's 20,000 mile tour of Africa by light plane. Predictably, the author of this pleasant travelogue likes Nigeria, the Peace Corps, and the Shell Oil Company (whose credit card he used with ease in the middle of Darkest Katanga); quite as predictably, he is not fond of the Boers, *Osagyefo* Nkrumah, or getting lost over the Congo minutes before sundown. He gives us a few interviews with African notables, and an occasional bit of passable scene-painting; some valuable insights into the Yemen war, life in Angola (purveyors of Pavlovian anti-colonialism will be discomfited), and the strange nature of African political life; and several memorable moments, including a perplexing visit to that very unsanitary hospital in Lambaréné and a trip to Kolwezi, Tshombe's last stronghold, hours before the capitulation of naughty Katanga. Having survived arrest as an obvious drunkard by a policeman in Fez after giving his correct name, Churchill will doubtless weather the comments of hordes of reviewers eager to compare his literary gifts with those of his late grandfather. He is competent, observant, and cheerful withal; Emerging Africa sounds rather fun.

C. H. SIMONDS

BLACK CHAMPION: *The Life and Times of Jack Johnson*, by Finis Farr (Scribners, $4.95). Biographer Finis Farr has followed his success-



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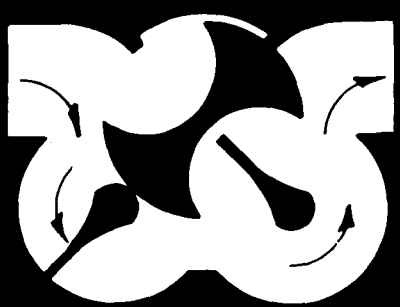

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ful *Frank Lloyd Wright* (Scribners, 1961) with a deservingly well-received account of the life and times of the first Negro heavyweight champion. Winning wasn't enough for Johnson; he flaunted his blonde girl friends (three of whom he married) in the faces of those who prayed for a "white hope" to win back the crown. His righteous detractors responded by accepting a false accusation that he had kidnaped a white girl and sentenced him to a year and a day in Joliet Prison. Johnson promptly jumped bail, and Mr. Farr has followed his trail through Russia, Germany (was he a spy for Germany, or the United States, or both?), England, Spain and Cuba. When Johnson died, in 1946, a Negro minister pointed out that "if we hadn't had a Jack, we wouldn't have a Joe [Louis] now." But not a single boxer, black or white, sent flowers or appeared at the church to pay respects to the man boxing's historian Nat Fleisher saluted: "I have no hesitation in naming Jack Johnson as the greatest of them all."

L. MUNSON

FROM THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES: *Years of Urgency, 1938-1941*, by John Morton Blum (Houghton, $7.50). This second of three volumes begins with the last sad days of the New Deal. Roosevelt was irritable over his failures. Morgenthau stoutly insisted only encouragement of risk, not deficit spending, would bring recovery. War news ended the debate. Blum gives a good picture of Treasury war work, from airplane procurement for the Allies to Lend Lease and economic warfare. Morgenthau was tireless, a rod and a staff for FDR. Omitted is the story of Communists in the Treasury, fully documented in congressional hearings. Blum says there was "no reason for a man even so cautious as Morgenthau to harbor any such suspicions." That is not the answer. The FBI and Secret Service (then in Treasury) must have known. The real story is hinted: A stranger telephoned Morgenthau and said he had some secret papers of Harry White's. Morgenthau asked White (which was fair). Then he asked the Secret Service to report—to Harry White!

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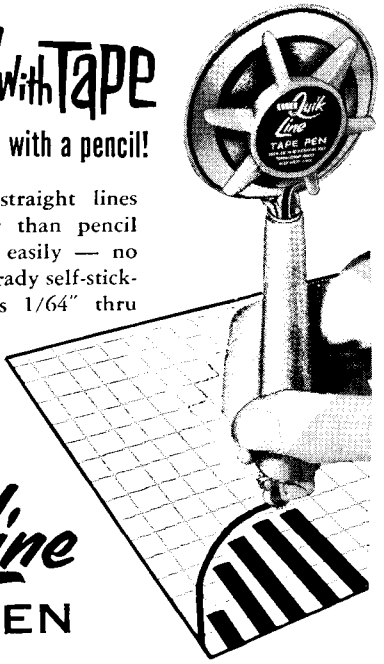

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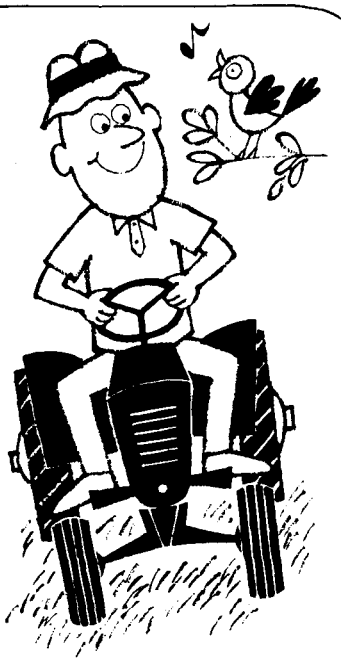

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 262)

tremists" with Communists. The authors evidently believe there are no "extremists" on the Left except the Communists, omitting such interesting groups as the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, the *Liberal Papers* claque, SANE, and Americans for Democratic Action. Mr. Brown is correct in saying disagreement on political questions should not be equated with treason; does he not therefore object to equating perfectly loyal citizens of the Right, whatever their failings, with the treasonable cadres of the Communist Party?

Indianapolis, Ind. M. STANTON EVANS

Tom Mooney

Under your item "Felix Frankfurter, RIP" [March 9] it is stated that "everyone now knows that Mooney was guilty". May I gently dissent as I know no such thing and your "everybody" must be less than inclusive. Tom Mooney was a pain in the neck for me personally on at least two occasions in my career and when he was pardoned, like Ed Nochels and others in labor who had fought for his pardon, we would have joyfully drowned him in San Francisco Bay; but from years of detailed acquaintance with this case I have *never* heard any except the most discredited perjured testimony of his guilt *as charged,* just as the terrible thing is that Vanzetti was almost certainly innocent regardless of Sacco.

Philadelphia, Pa. ARTHUR G. MCDOWELL
Council Against Communist Aggression

NR's comment made no reference to the nature of the trial proceedings through which Mooney, Sacco and Vanzetti were convicted. —ED.

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (March 23)

[David] Lawrence
[THE] PAUSE OF CONSCIENCE

There are grave dangers inherent in the policies that dominate our fiscal affairs today. Our elected representatives know what is right. Why do they hesitate to do what is right? When will they begin to be guided not by temporary expediency but by conscience?

McNAMARA

(Continued from p. 282)

couldn't identify Robert McNamara, probably the second most important figure in the country, today.

Whereas once we assumed that the teacher-student relationship was inherently one of unequals—that the teacher, by virtue of preparation and knowledge, was the repository of a body of knowledge; and that the students, because they didn't possess this knowledge, were seated before her so that she could impart it to them—today this is no longer so. As with Miss Grundy and Archie's Crowd, the two *have* merged!

In the contemporary middle-class high school, what we'll often find, for example, is a situation when the 'study' of a literary work involves nothing more than the students exchanging their fuzzily-expressed mutual ignorances about "what-the-poem-meant-to-me," with the teacher sitting back, and silently congratulating herself for having 'taught' a successful lesson — successful since "Everyone participated and, Ohh, it was all so Dem-Ohh-Khrat-Ick!" Never would she insist that since her 'opinion' may be based on advanced study of the subject, [we'll ignore my rather considerable naivete here] that it might just be worth a little bit more than theirs. Can we blame these youngsters, then, if it suddenly dawns on them that, *"If my opinion about something I know nothing about, is as good as a person's who knows a lot about it, then why should I go to the trouble of learning about anything?"*

When these and other, related, notions are reinforced each fall by a mass campaign telling us we fully discharge our duties as citizens in a democracy merely by performing the purely mechanical act of pulling a voting lever, with hardly a hint it might be better if we knew just what we're voting about—well, with all this, can we blame my co-ed for refusing to 'kick' her Keen Teen Syndrome?

To others in the academic world who may feel what I'm reporting here is either exaggerated, or an isolated instance, may I suggest they might wish to administer a similar test.

If they do, they might send a copy of the results to *Look.*

I'm going to send them a subscription to *Archie!*

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

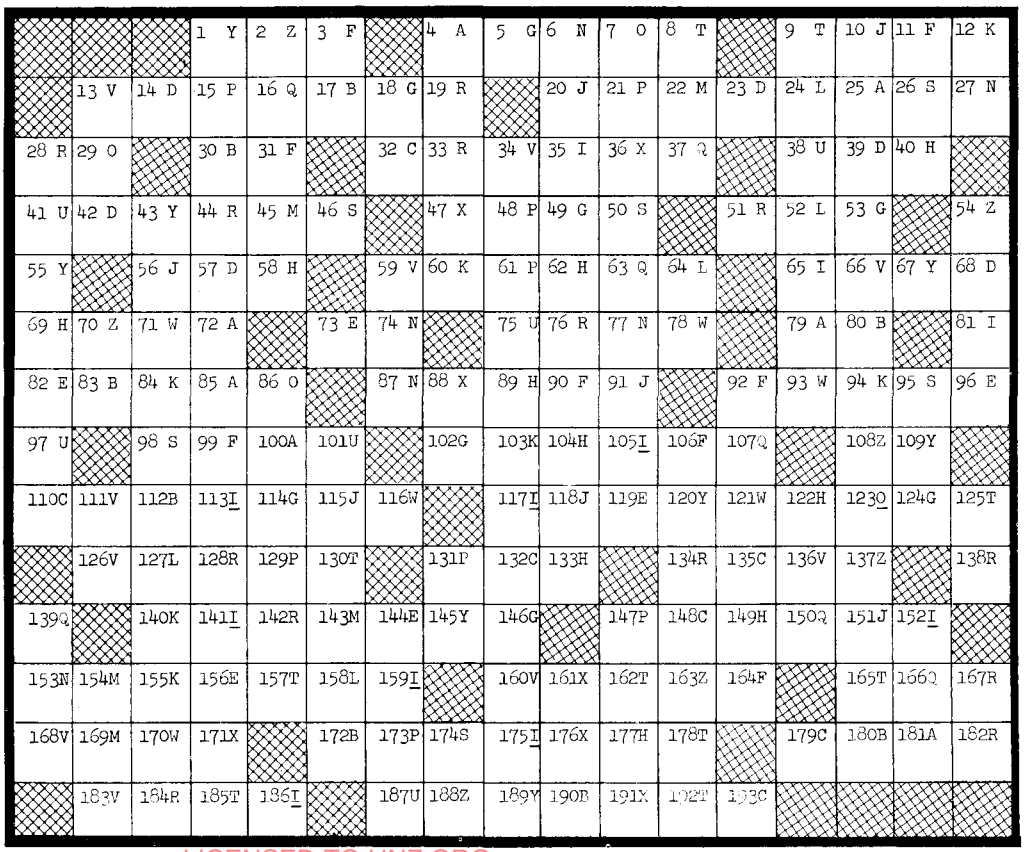
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Former senator from Maine	4 167 181 25 72 79 85 100
B. State from which our greatest president was elected	17 112 172 180 190 80 30 83
C. A form of ballast	32 132 148 179 110 135 193
D. What both automobiles and Satan are	57 14 23 39 42 68
E. Individuals who are both boring and attractive (2 wds.)	73 82 96 119 144 156
F. Lincoln's last host	92 164 31 3 11 90 99 106
G. A form of habitation	102 114 124 146 49 5 18 53
H. Inattentively	122 58 62 40 69 89 133 149 177 104
I. Author of a Lincoln book the title of which is a question	141 113 117 152 159 186 175 65 105 35 81
J. An ardent partisan	151 91 115 118 56 10 20
K. One who helps improve the breed (2 wds. or 1)	155 140 12 60 84 94 103
L. Mrs. Samuel L. Clemens' nickname for Mark Twain	24 158 52 64 127
M. Flexible	45 143 154 169 22

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. A pronoun	77 87 153 27 6 74
O. It's a calamity if this river doesn't flood	86 123 7 29
P. A seemingly endless conflict (2 wds.)	129 147 21 173 15 131 48 61
Q. Unscramble GLIB ODE	139 166 16 150 107 63 37
R. Unscramble DELIGHT HARPO	142 128 138 134 51 19 28 76 44 184 33 182
S. Not the only beneficiary of nepotism	174 46 95 26 50 98
T. City defended by General Lew Wallace during word P	9 165 8 130 185 192 125 157 162 178
U. French physicist whose name is part of our language	38 187 41 101 75 97
V. In Texas it's a city, in Wyoming a river and mountains	59 126 111 34 13 160 168 183 66 136
W. Place from which three of last four president have come	71 93 78 170 121 116
X. Type of laughter	88 176 171 36 161 191 47
Y. A musical term	109 145 67 189 1 43 55 120
Z. Able to bite and chew	163 54 188 108 2 70 137

See page 298 for solution of last issue's Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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For The Record

Foremost among congressional critics of the use of gas in Vietnam, members of the Wednesday Club: Republican Reps. John Lindsay (N.Y.), Charles Mathias Jr. (Md.), Frank J. Horton (N.Y.), Bradford Morse (Mass.), Stanley Tupper (Me.). On the Democratic side only William Fitts Ryan (N.Y.) seemed equally shocked . . . . Rep. Paul Rogers (D., Fla.) is introducing a bill to bar the use of American ports to any ships doing business with North Vietnam. Certain longshoreman locals have refused to load or unload ships that have recently put in at Haiphong, the port of Hanoi . . . . Boomerang: reports that the government might impose thumping tax on U.S. tourists traveling abroad have caused a quarter million person upsurge in foreign travel in first quarter of 1965. ("Let's go while the going's cheap" psychology.)

Italian Oltremare news agency reports Soviet technicians are in Algeria preparing to install missile bases near Calle, east of Bone. When operational the Algerian missiles could reach most West European capitals . . . . Algerian sources have accused Portuguese secret police of the murder of Gen. Delgado (the hijacker of the Santa Maria). Delgado disappeared in mid-February. Portuguese sources now say the Portuguese rebel was spirited out of Algeria with the connivance of the government and is now being held in Prague.

Barry Goldwater (still unreconstructed) says he opposes Administration's Voting Rights Bill; that he believes in the principle of a literacy test . . . . Capitol Hill sources think the vote on the bill may cause a rift in Southern opposition in the Senate. They say Sens. Fulbright (Ark.) and Smathers (Fla.) will vote for it. . . . Taken aback: New York's Mayor Wagner when William Booth of the NAACP suggested he clean up the situation at home rather than grandstand it by sending representatives to Selma.

Big agitation in England over decline of BBC audience. The British ratings show only one BBC show among first 20 —and that's a sports show. BBC has two channels against commercial TV's one. . . . . Reuters reports British leftists are planning to bring out a left-wing daily, tentatively called "The Globe," next fall. . . . More than 35,000 whites have emigrated to South Africa from other African countries in the past two years. Most of the new citizens are joining Prime Minister Verwoerd's pro-apartheid Nationalist Party.

Kohler, *Die Zeit* — Ben Roth Agency

Aida's triumphal march on an all-German steed.

Miguel Soland Lopez, chief Paraguayan delegate to the United Nations, says the closing of Cuban embassies in most Latin American countries has been effective in stemming Castro-supported guerrilla activities . . . . The head of the Venezuelan FALN (Armed Forces for Liberation)—Gregorio Lunar Marquez—was reported killed in a police ambush a week ago.

Czech publishers have been caught out: one of the books they've been remaindering at a quarter its original price (and finding few takers) is Karl Marx's Das Kapital.

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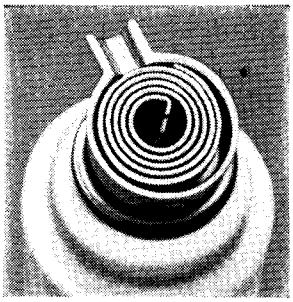
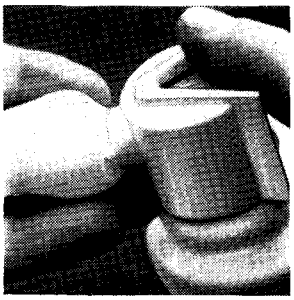
It's true! It works!

Hold top under hot running water.



Exclusive heat coil picks up heat.



Push the button and out comes

New Schick hot lather

–barbershop style!

Made by the new-thinking folks at Schick who brought you America's number one stainless steel blade with the incredible Schick Stainless Krona Edge. Fits all double edge razors perfectly.

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Restaurant-pastry shop features floor in new Kentile® Colonial Brick Solid Vinyl Tile. Colors shown: Georgetown Red and Williamsburg Pink in 2-brick and 3-brick tiles. Counter base is Black KenCove® Vinyl.

KENTILE
VINYL FLOORS

New from Kentile! Colonial Brick Solid Vinyl Tile that looks like brick, feels like brick—but costs far less! Needs no special underfloor. Here's brawny, authentic beauty that's easy to clean, stands up to heavy traffic—and is greaseproof. Comfortable and quiet underfoot—won't show spiked-heel dents. Kentile Dealer? See the Yellow Pages under "Floors"—or talk to your architect, builder, or interior designer.

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